

THE GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES



L.J. BRIDGMAN

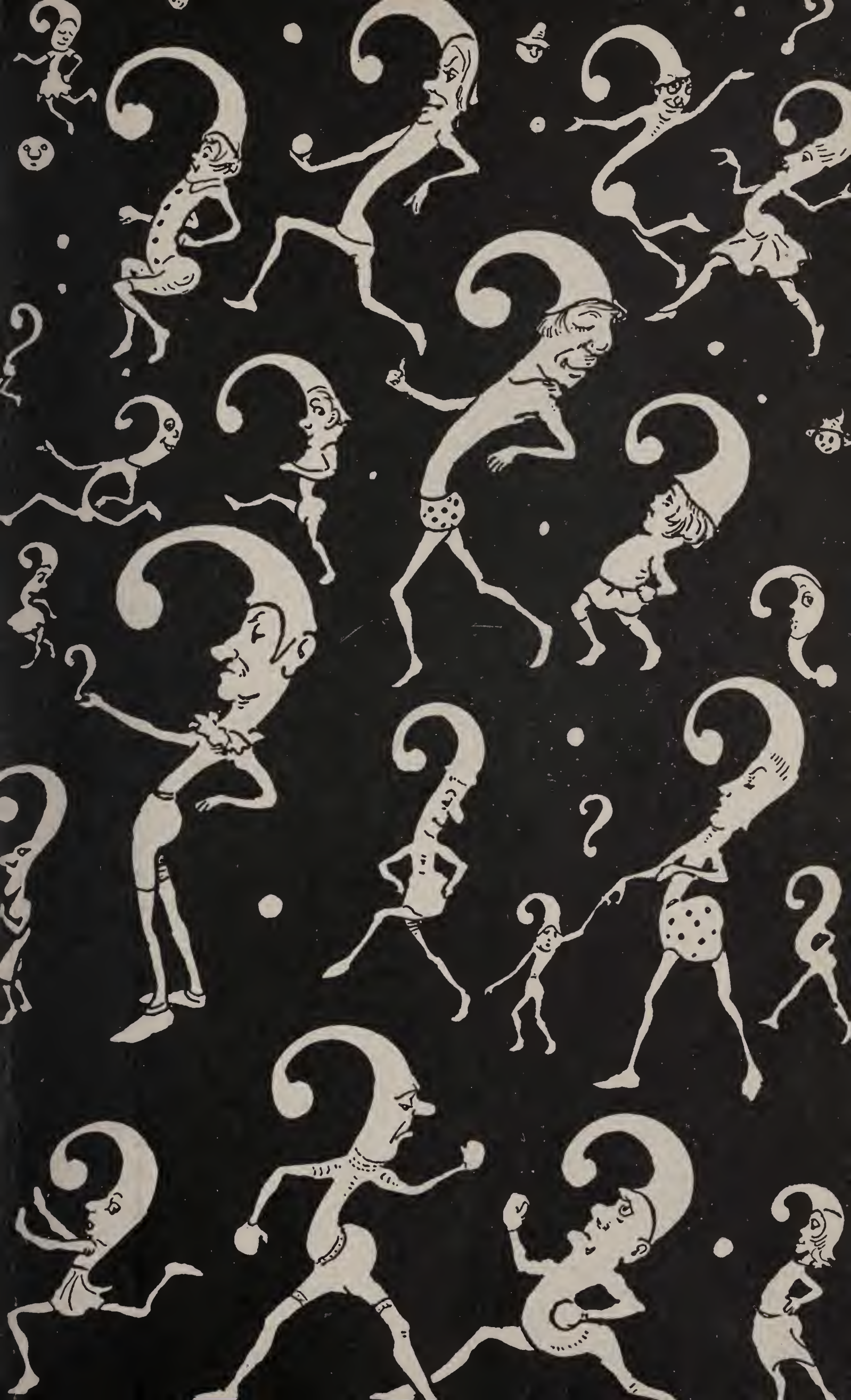


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A GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES





On the trail of the What-is-it

THE GUESS BOOK OF RIDDLES

VERSES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

L. J. BRIDGMAN



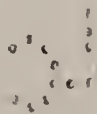
BOSTON
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SEP 18 1929

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IMPORTANT!



THE right-hand pages hold their riddles
I Guess them if you can, sirs,
But if you can't, just turn the pages—
There you'll find the answers.



Answers on the back.

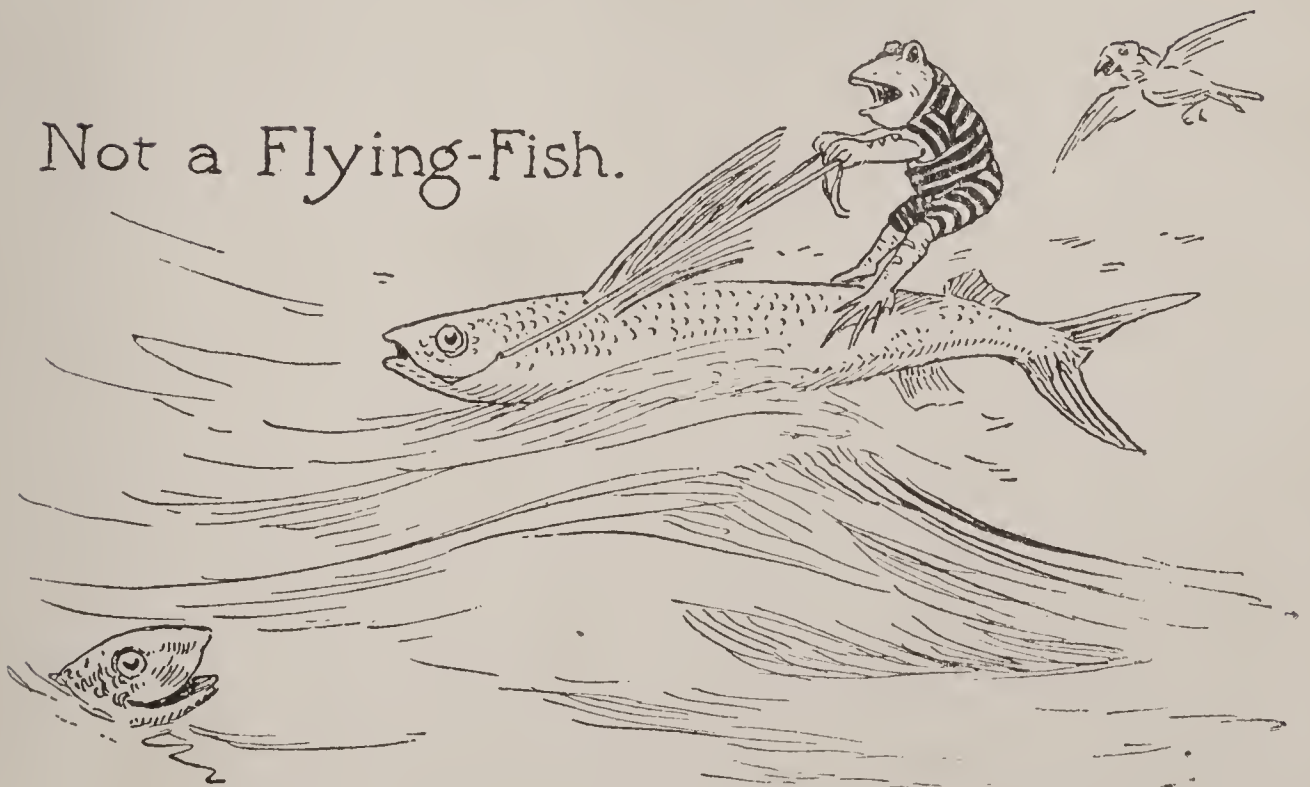
SEP 18 1929

Not the Ocean,



ITS waves and ripples please us all,
We love to see it flying.
And none can make a better one,
You'll waste your time in trying.

Not a Flying-Fish.



OUR FLAG.



Not Travelers.

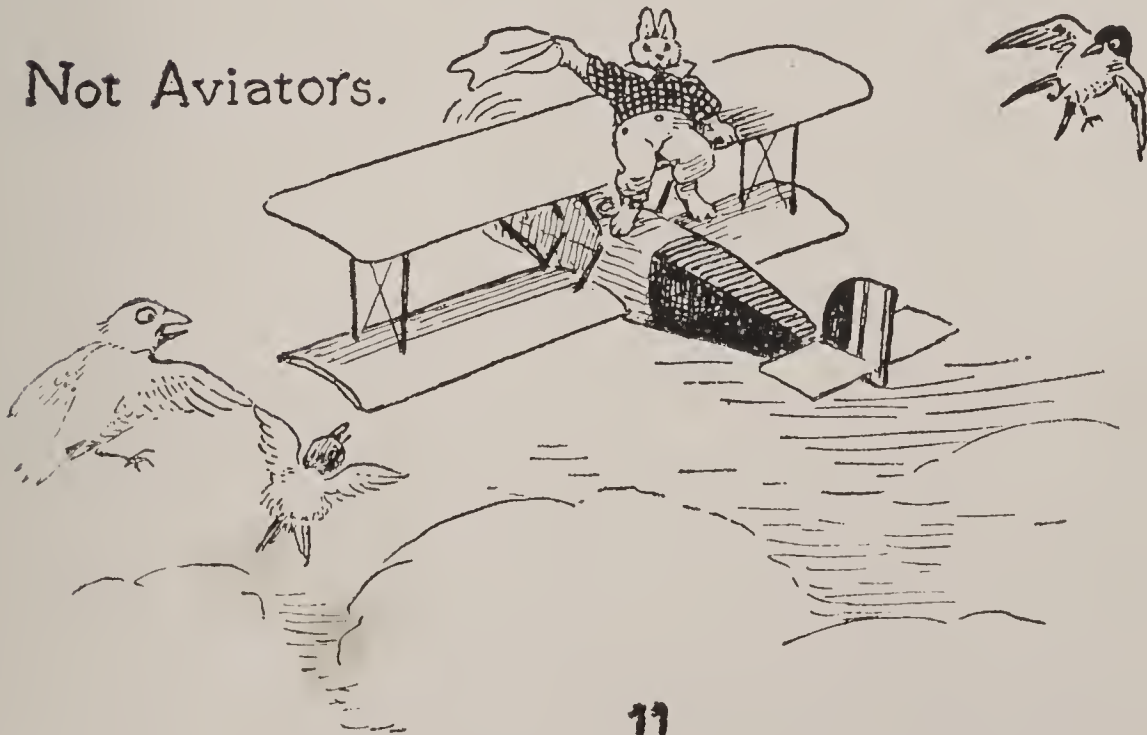


THEIR trunks are all packed and they wave their salutes.

Will they hurry away on the wing?
Don't worry, my dear; you'll not lose them. Don't fear!

They never do leave till the spring.

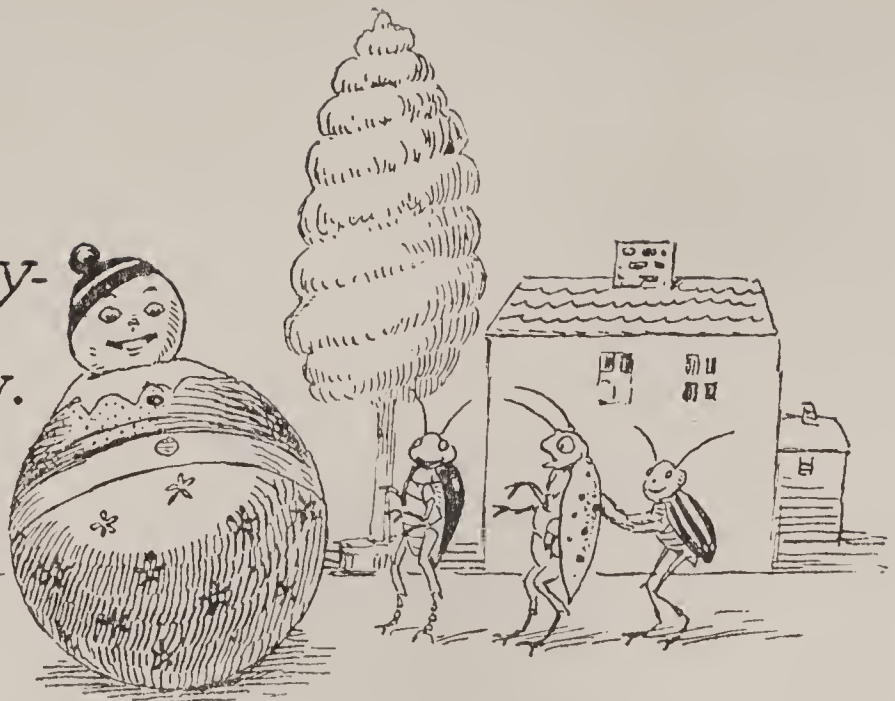
Not Aviators.



TREES.



Not a Humpty-
Dumpty.




HE lived for days and months and
years
Almost away from air,
And never a leg nor arm had he,
And never a lock of hair.
But neither crippled nor lame was he,
Nor had he a coat to wear.

Not a Frog.



A FISH.





Not a Prima Donna.

THE songs she sings beneath bright
moons

Disturb my night's repose,
But, oh, those whispery, rumbly tunes!

She charms us all with those.

You must come near and listen well
To hear her rumble song.

I've told enough so you should tell
To whom these songs belong.



Not Baby.

A CAT.



Not a Vacation.



A DIGGER worked to get it,
It took him all the day.
And when, at last, he got it,
What was it, anyway?

So light you couldn't weigh it,
No color one could see,
Much bigger than the digger,
What, then, could it be?



Not a Gas Well.

A HOLE.



Not a Camp.



I KNOW a place where fellows go
Without a shoe or stocking.
And no one tells them, "Go away!"
Or thinks their costume shocking.



Each year I spend much of my time
In that delightful place,
And while I'm there, they don't expect
A boy to wash his face.

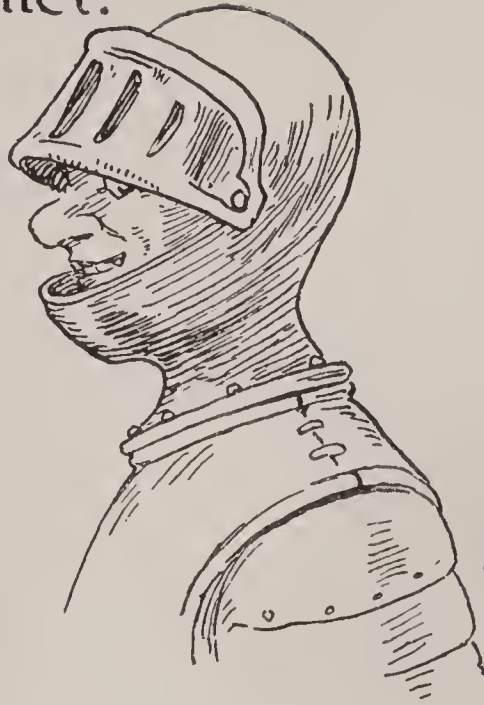


Not Fairy-Land.

A BED.



Not a Helmet.



Not a Crown.



Not
a Wreath.

LIKE a cap, it is worn on the head,
And its color, brown, yellow or
red,
May change much in style
If worn a great while,
And look like a hank of white thread.



Not a 'Tam'.



Not a Ribbon.

Not a Net.



HAIR.



Not a Prowler.

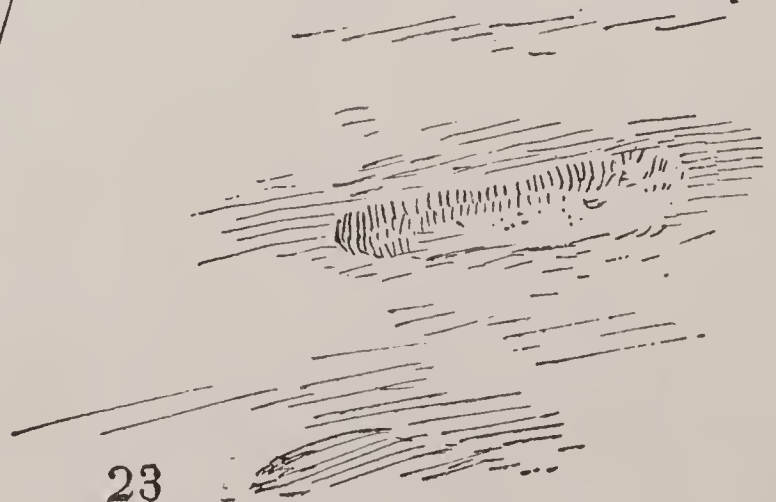


DOES it fear the sun, or why
Does it behave so very shy?
It always right behind me goes
When sunshine falls upon my nose.
'Tis mine, as any one can see,
It looks, sometimes, so much like me.

Not a Dog.



Not a Footstep.



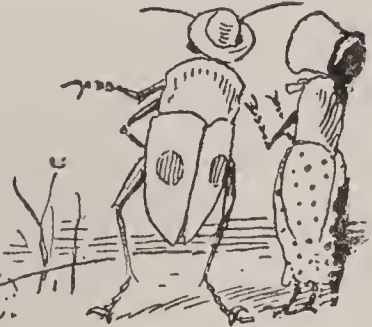
A SHADOW.



Not this.



Not a Gimlet.

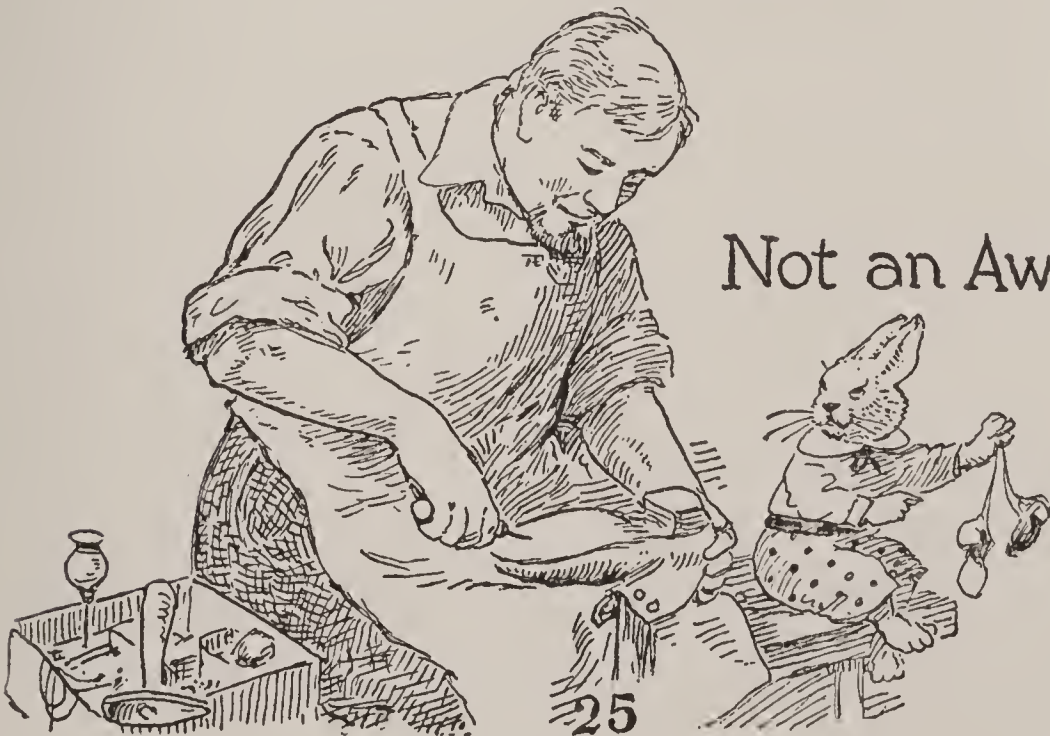


Not a shovel.



ONE eye, sharp toe,
Not an ear or nose,
Stabs here, stabs there,
In and out she goes.

No mouth, she's fed
Only in her eye.
Slim, sleek, pushed, pulled,
Never known to cry.

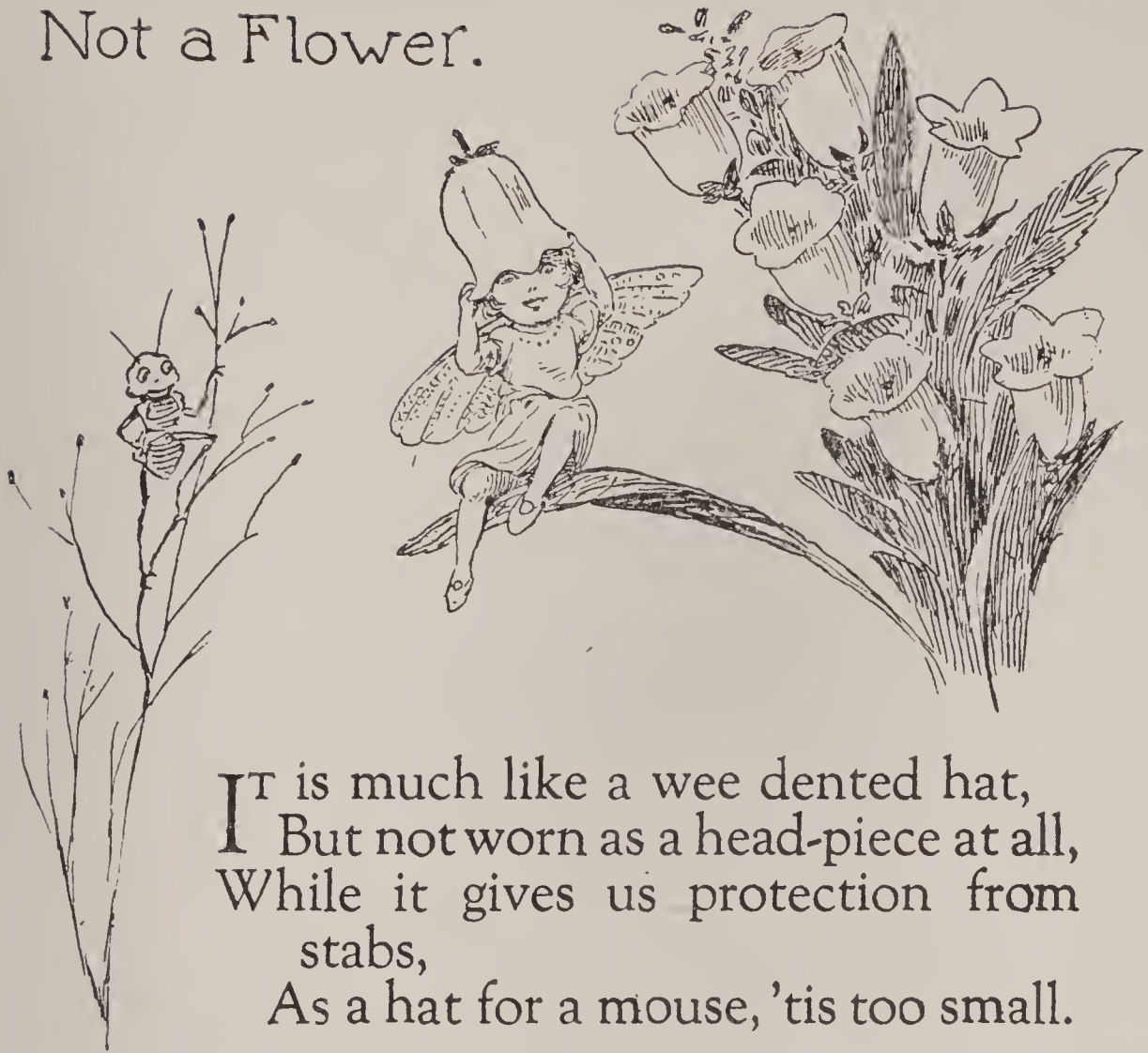


Not an Awl.

A NEEDLE.

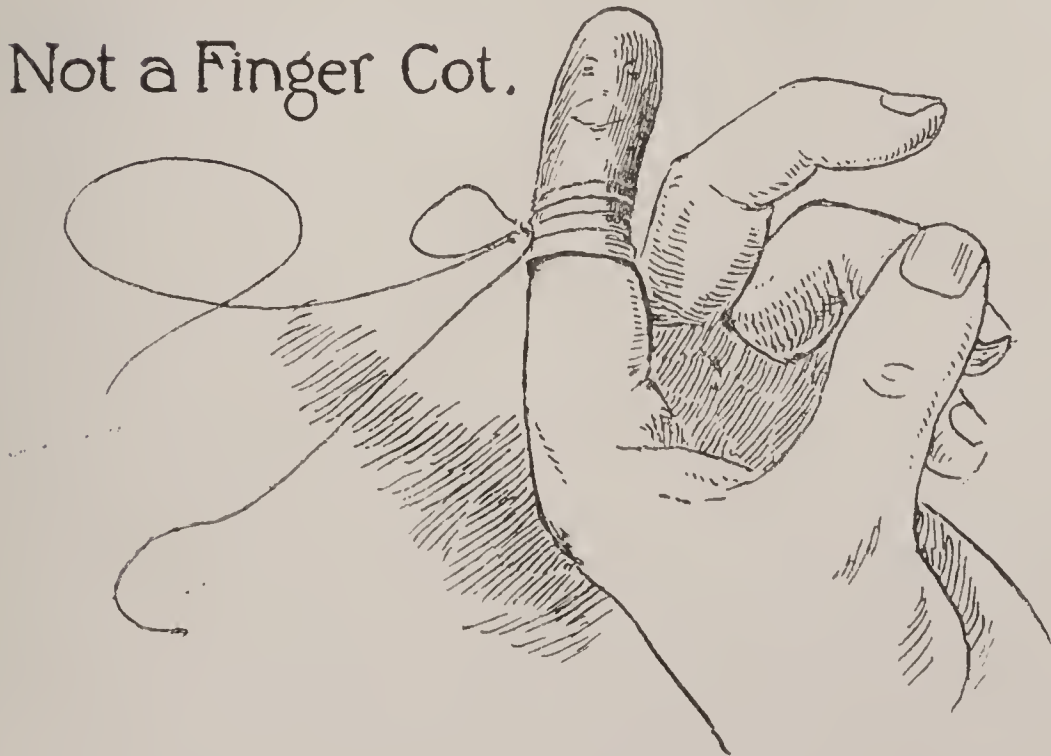


Not a Flower.



IT is much like a wee dented hat,
But not worn as a head-piece at all,
While it gives us protection from
stabs,
As a hat for a mouse, 'tis too small.

Not a Finger Cot.



A THIMBLE.



Not Pupils.

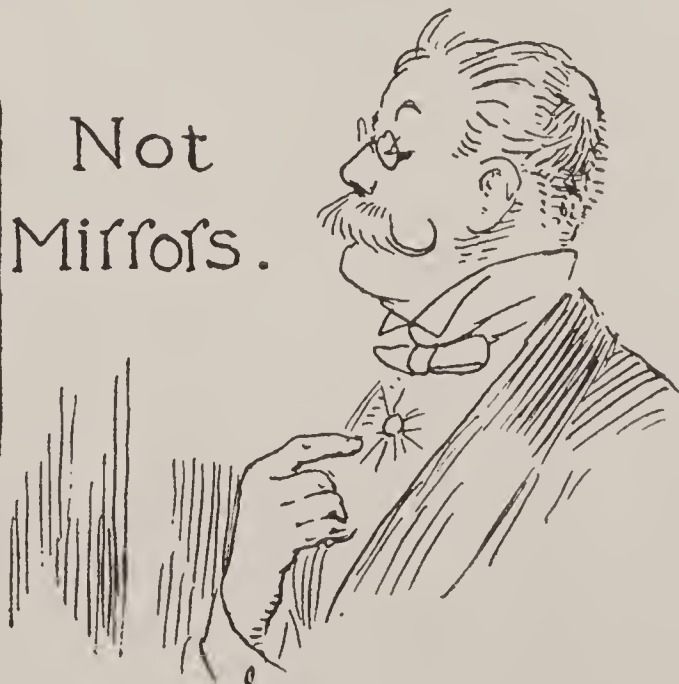


THEY are pretty and polished,
But each one demands
A quite close inspection
Of faces and hands.

But you never need worry;
Their features will pass
A most careful inspection;
They're kept under glass.



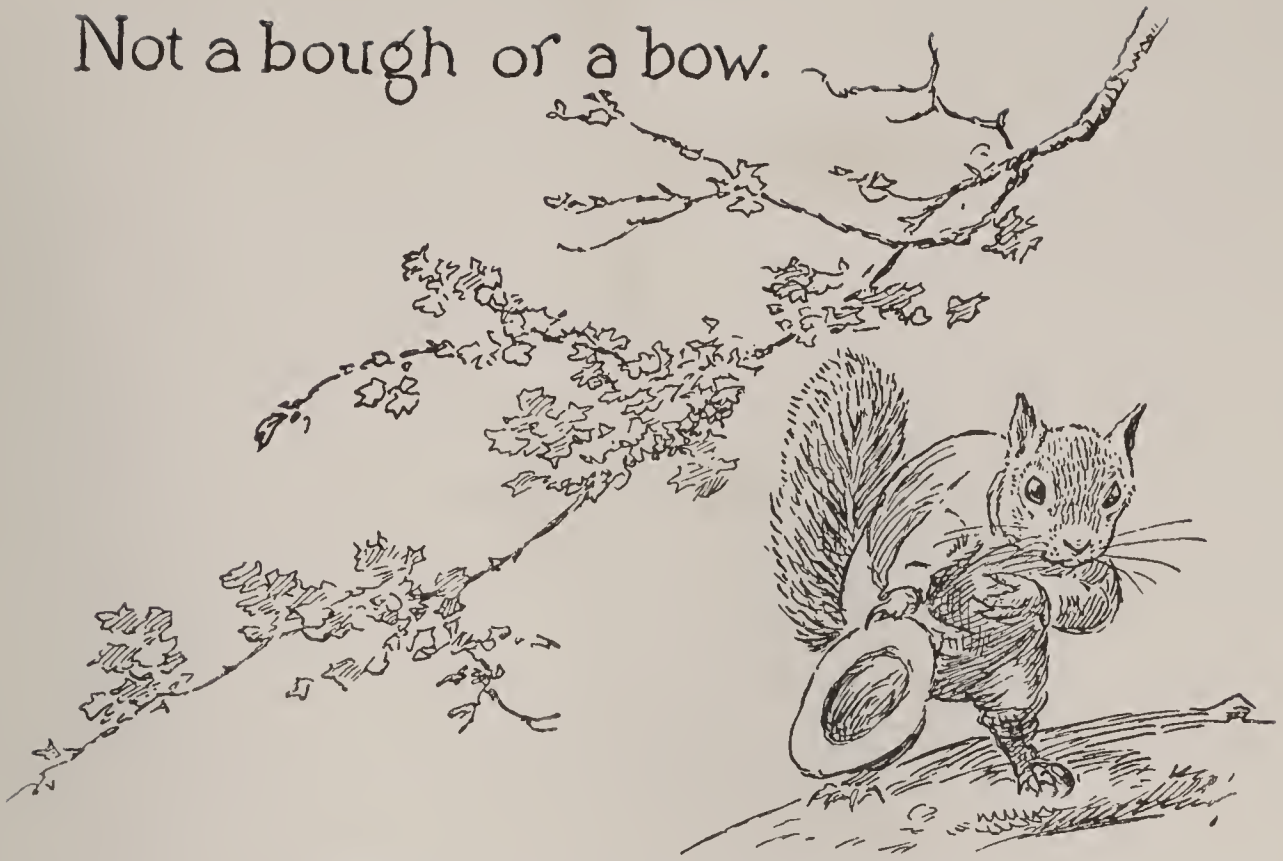
Not
Mirrors.



WATCHES.



Not a bough or a bow.



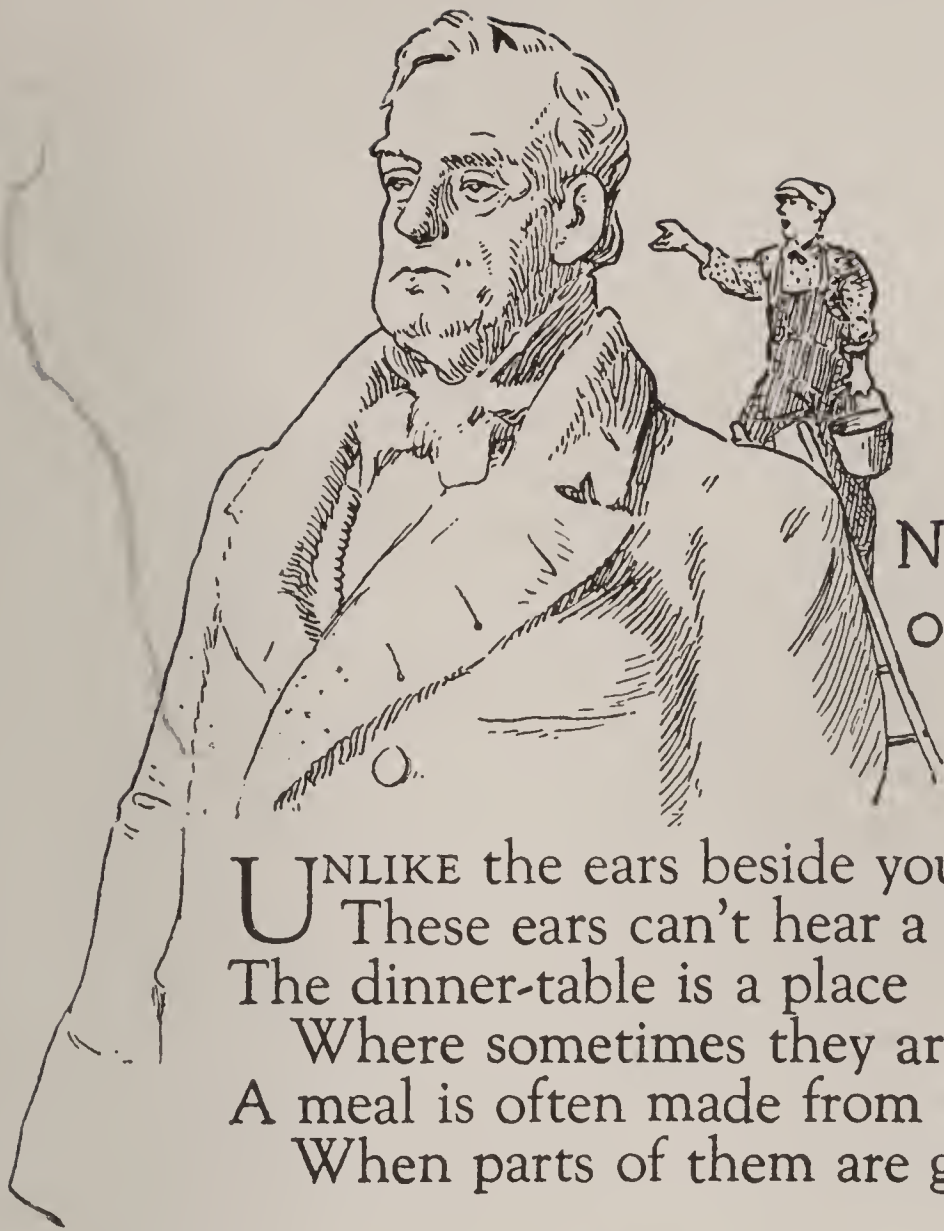
THEY say each tree has it,—
A dog has it, too.
But a dog's is a kind
Not open to view.

Neither Fur nor Fir.



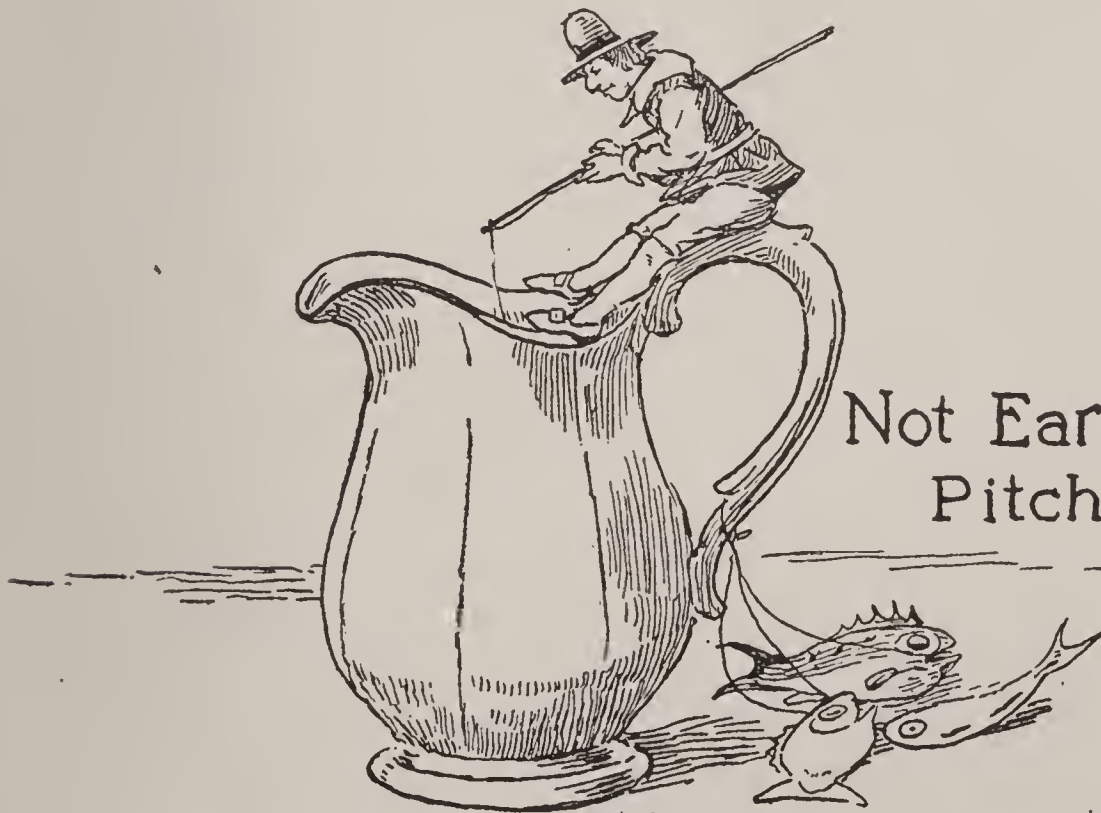
BARK





Not the Ears
of a Statue.

UNLIKE the ears beside your face,
These ears can't hear a sound.
The dinner-table is a place
Where sometimes they are found.
A meal is often made from them
When parts of them are ground.



Not Ears of
Pitcher's.

EARS OF CORN.

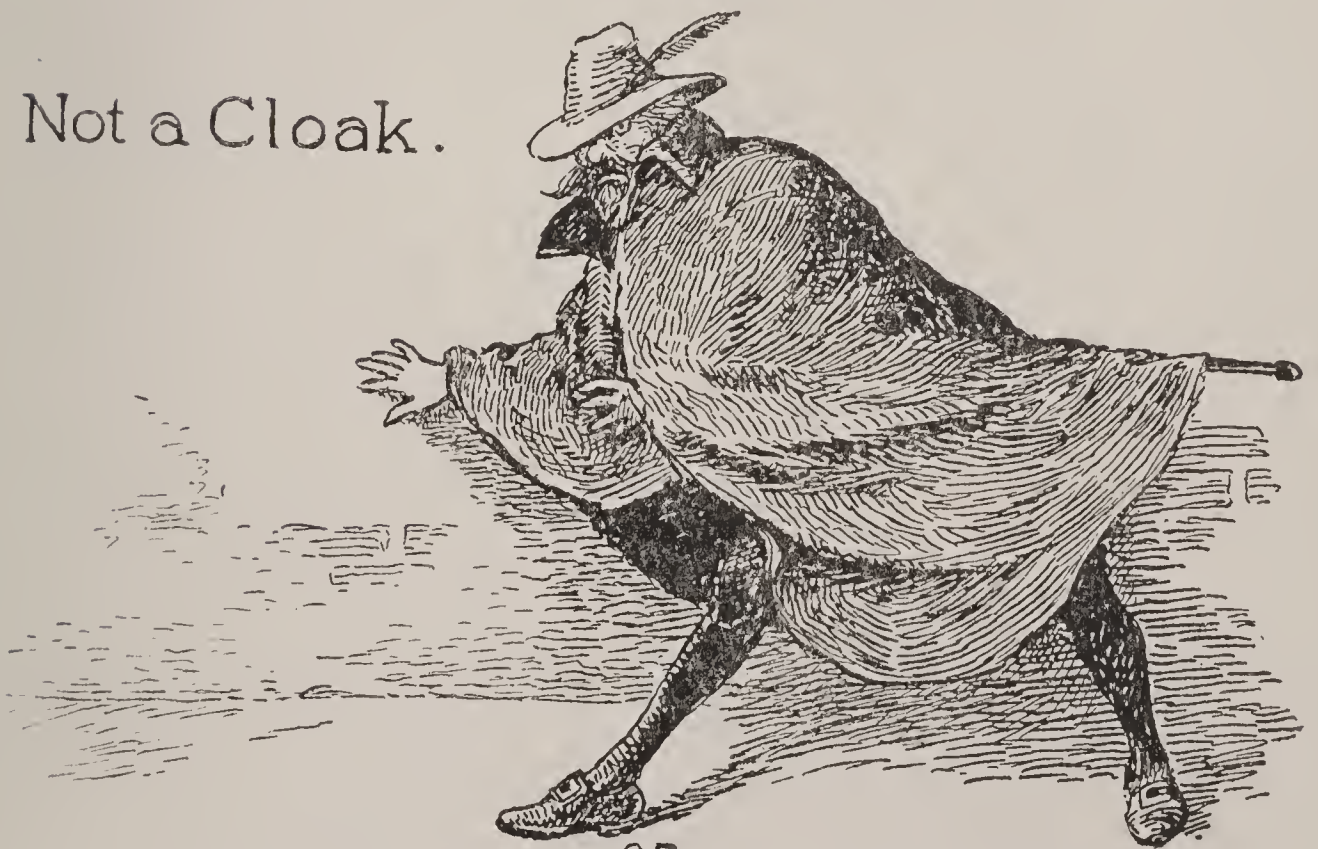


Not Smoke.



IT rhymes with poke. If you should
hear it,
Don't run away. You need not fear it.
It isn't dangerous. Not half!
When seen, perhaps you'd only laugh.

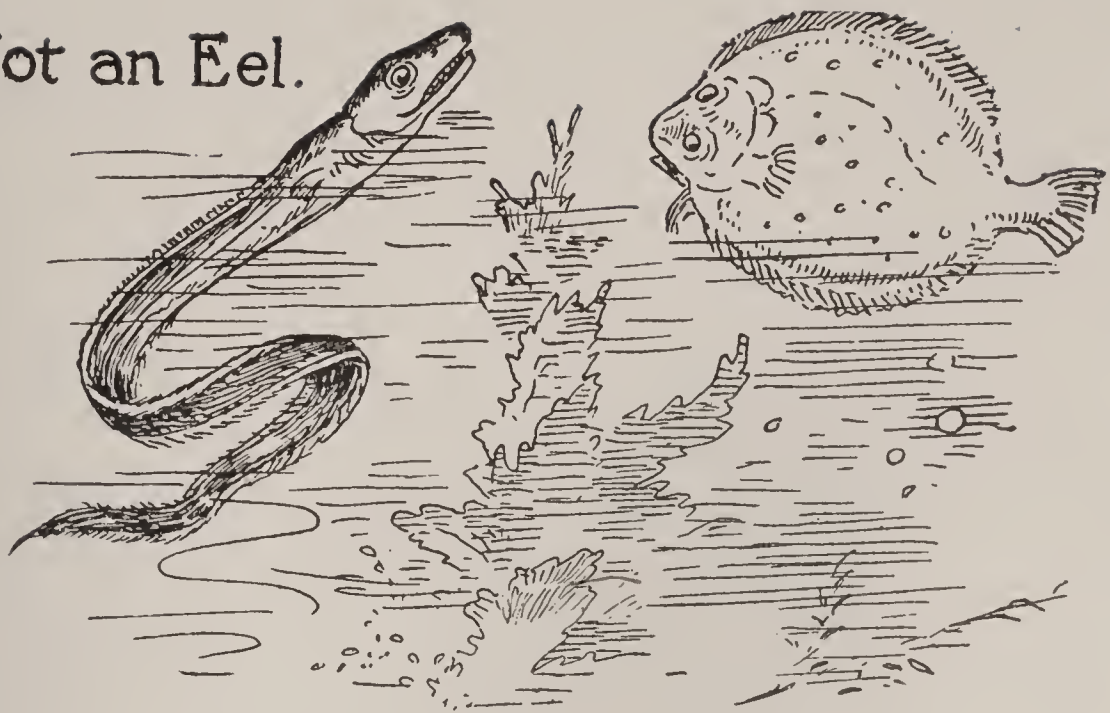
Not a Cloak.



A JOKE.



Not an Eel.



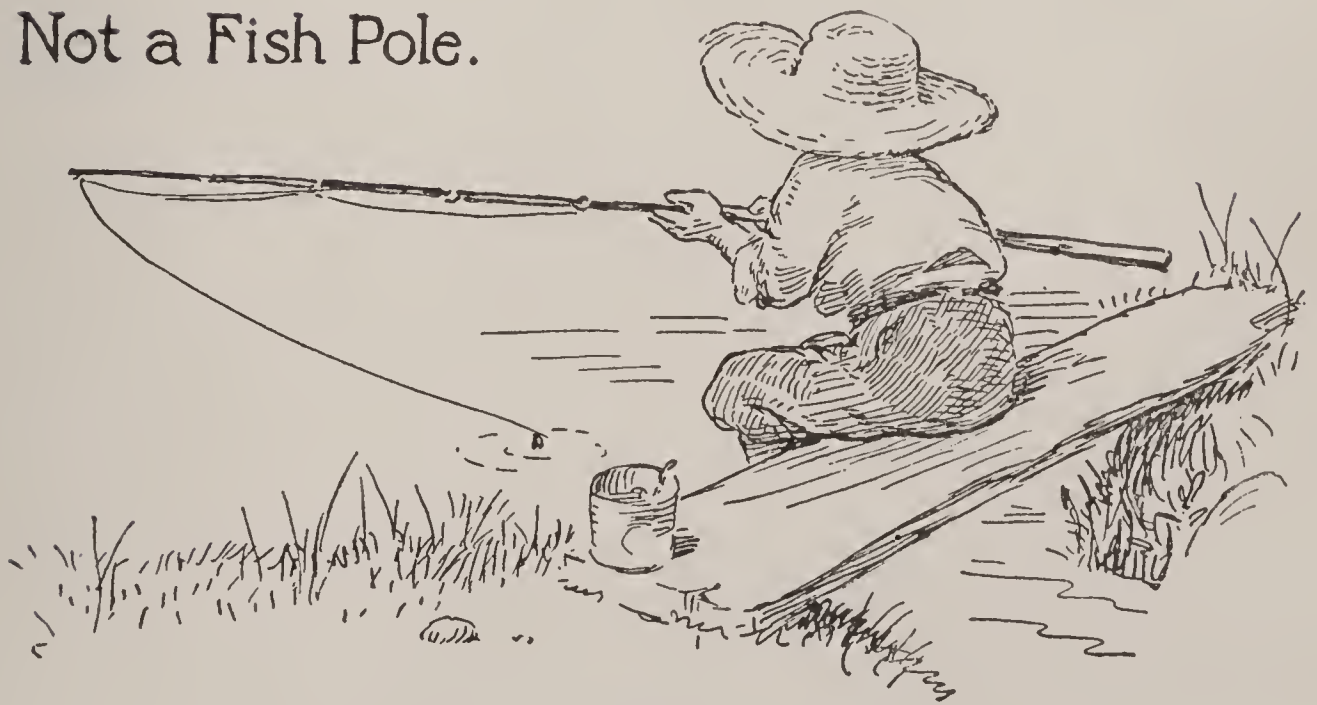
SUCH a slim little stripe in a shiny,
round coat!

How it grows in the warm sun's
bright rays!

But its jacket still fits, and it's worthy
of note

That it isn't so tall on cool days.

Not a Fish Pole.



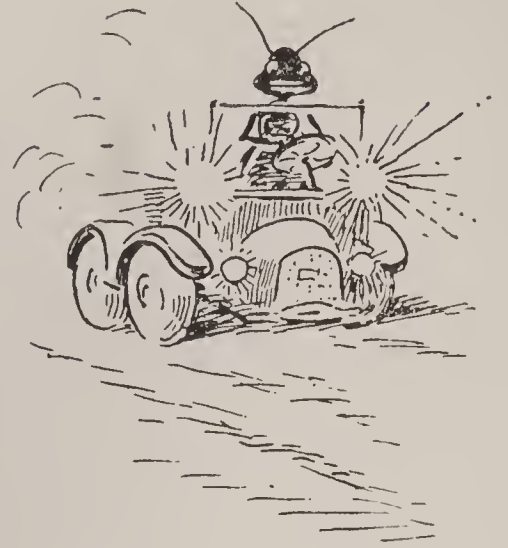
A THERMOMETER.



Not Potatoes.



Not a Motor Car.



SOME have two eyes, some have four.
You can buy them at the store.
Some are white, or black, or red;
Their lives oft hang just by a thread.

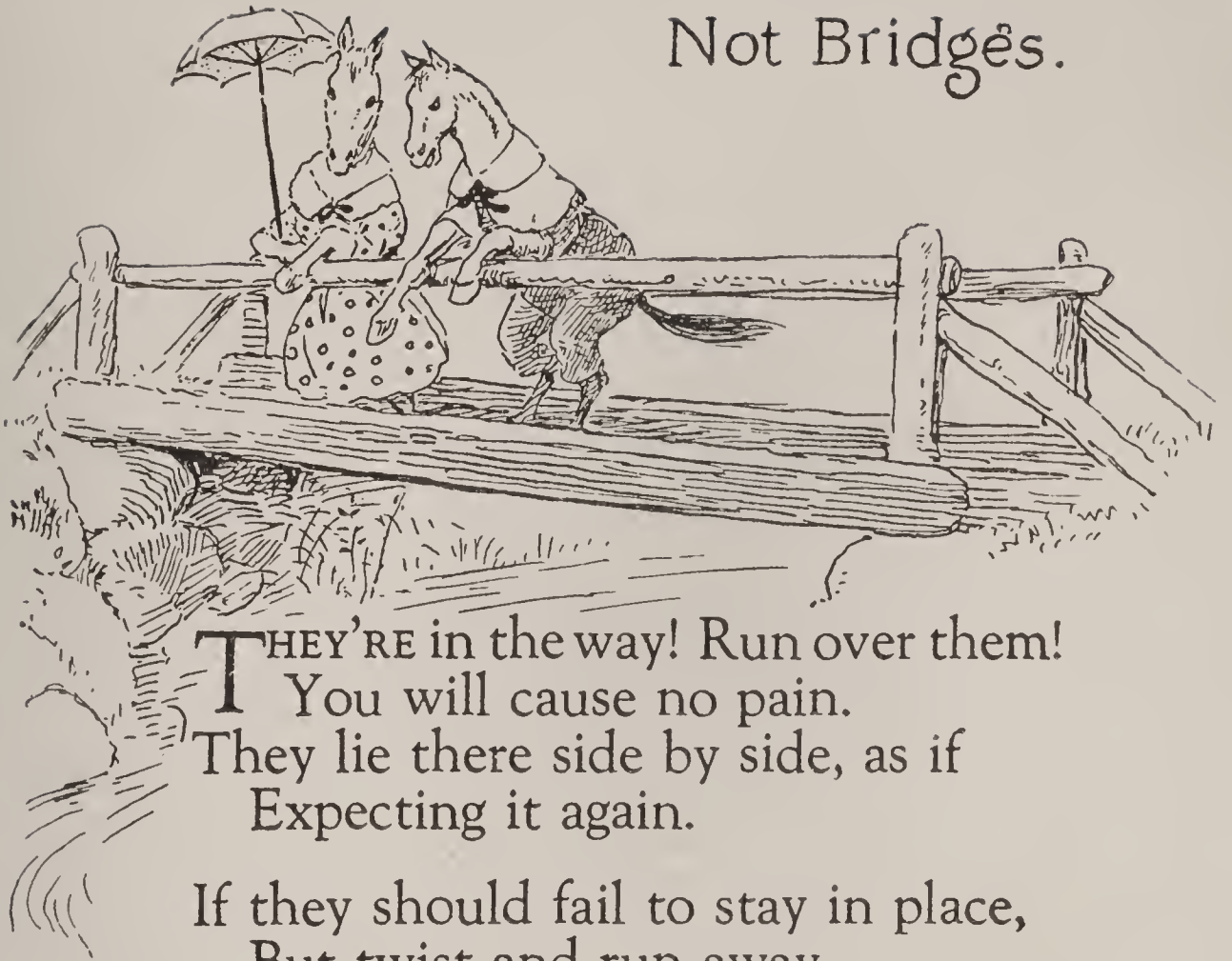
Not Spectacles.



BUTTONS.



Not Bridges.



THEY'RE in the way! Run over them!
You will cause no pain.
They lie there side by side, as if
Expecting it again.

If they should fail to stay in place,
But twist and run away,
For many people that would be
A very dreadful day.

Not Paving Stones.



RAILROAD RAILS.





Not a sign.

IT calls folks to work and it tells
them to stop.
As if controlling the whole of the
shop.
It tells you where engines or steam-
ships may roam.
It signals our doggie to hasten for
home.

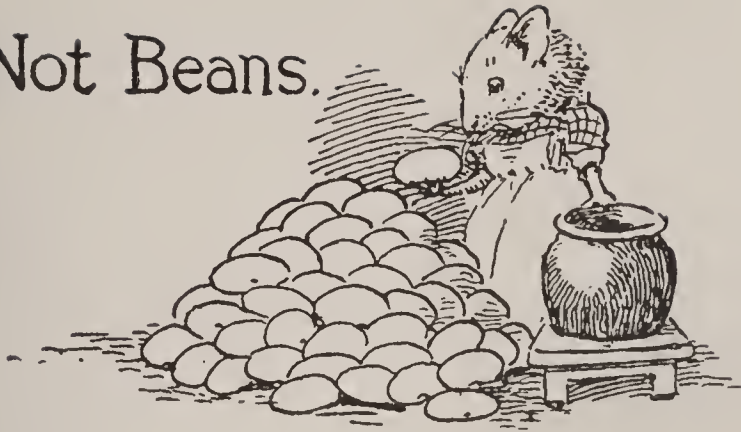
Not a Bugle.



A WHISTLE.



Not Beans.



Not Cauliflowers.



SOME little white packages came
from the farm,
Don't handle them roughly, or they'll
come to harm.
The wrappers just fit, and once they
are broken,
Not a mender exists from your house
to Hoboken.



Not Onions.

EGGS.



Not Snowflakes.



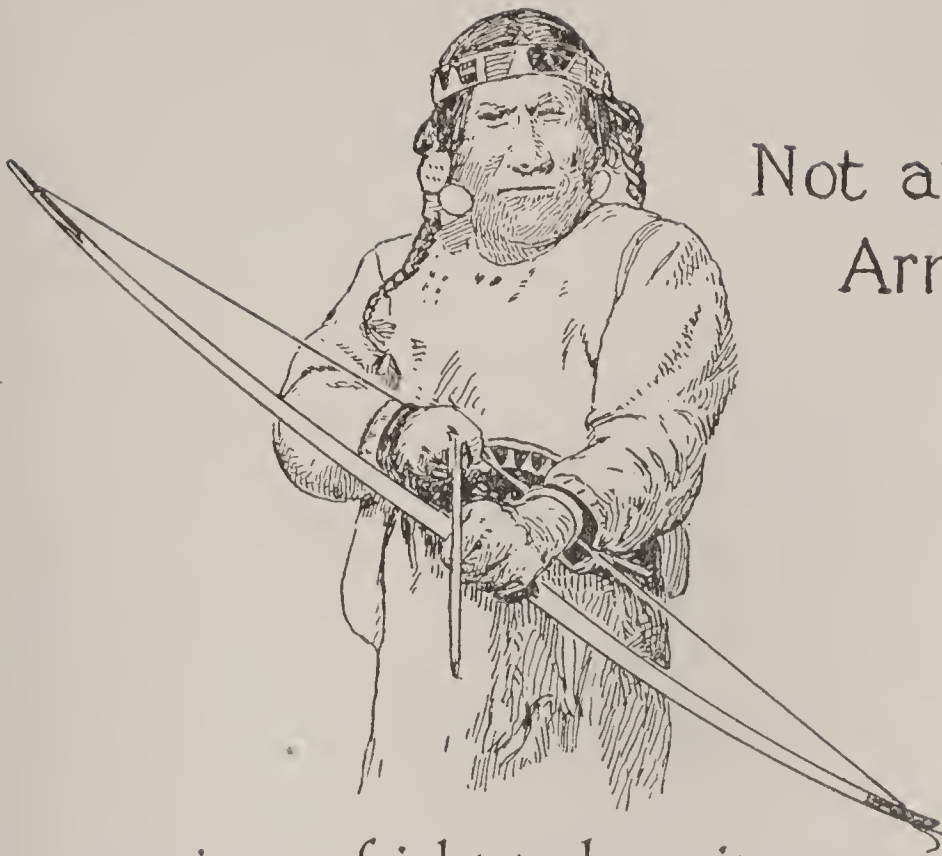
THEY have no fists, yet come to blows.
In winter, you feel them on your
nose.
They ride the sky, but have no planes.
Nor need umbrellas when it rains.



Not Mischievous Frosts.

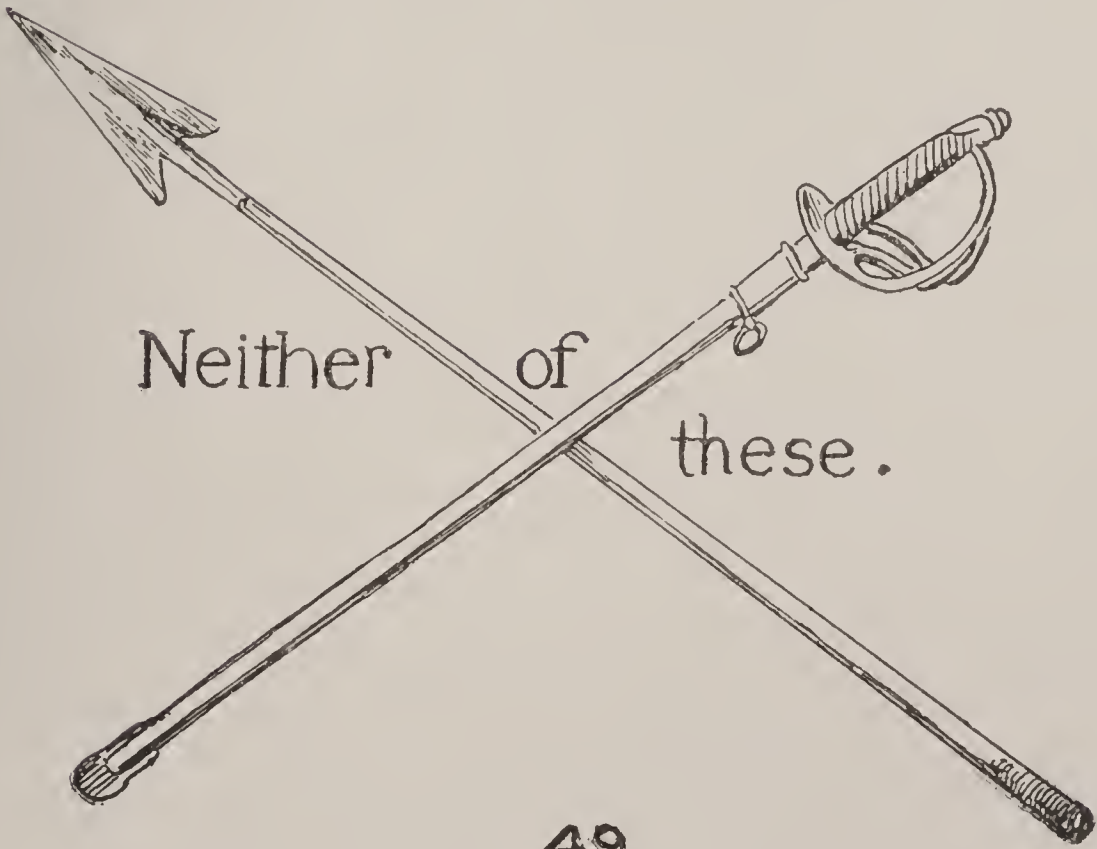
THE WINDS.





Not an
Arrow.

IT gives a fright to have it near,
When pointed at one, and, 'tis
queer,
That, with its loud and startling
cough,
It does no harm till it goes off.



Neither of
these.

A GUN.





Not Dividers,

THIN-LEGGED, big-eyed,
Always led by hand,
Yet he rides astride
When folks take command.

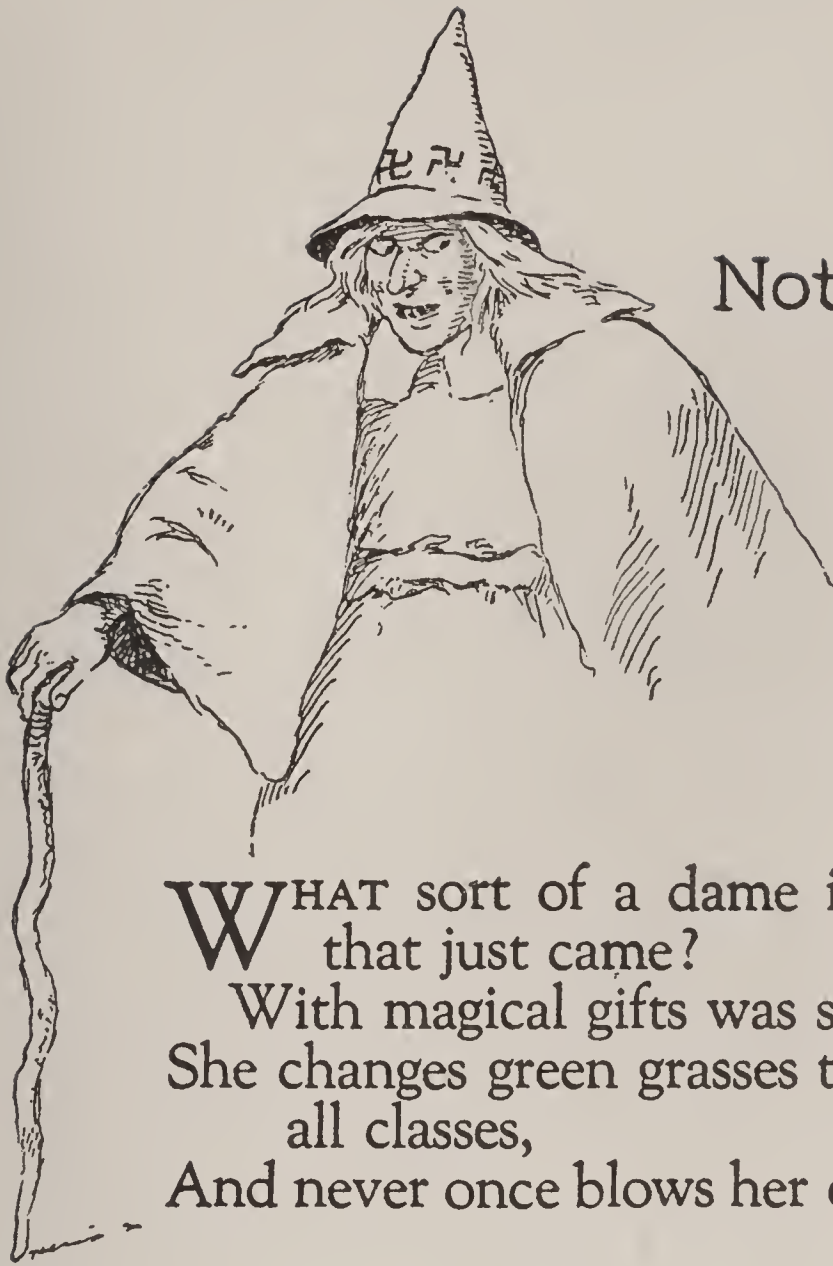
No feet—just points;
Path is never wide;
Legs without joints;
His task is to divide.

Not Stilts.



SCISSORS.





Not a Witch.

WHAT sort of a dame is the one
that just came?
With magical gifts was she born?
She changes green grasses to food for
all classes,
And never once blows her own horn.



Not a Cook.

A COW.





DR. HARE

Not a Doctor.

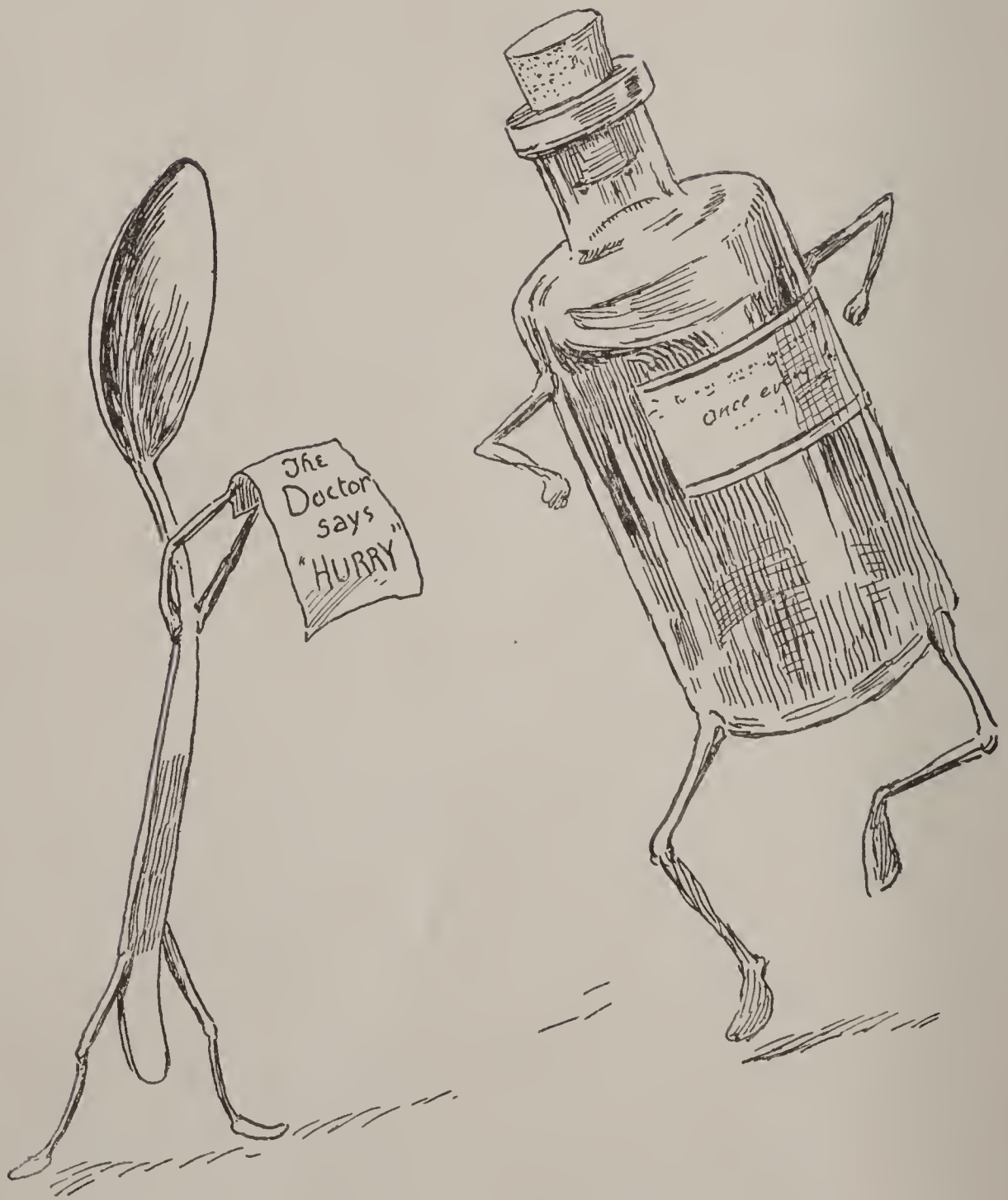
HE will not serve you what he has,
Until his hat is off,
No matter what your trouble is,—
A fever or a cough.

His hat rests on his shiny neck,
No eyes, no nose, no lip;
He serves whatever he may have,
But he must get a tip.

Not a Candle.



A BOTTLE.



Not a Kitten.



At times each day it rests upon my
lap

As still as if asleep, but takes no
nap.

I do not pet it once, nor chide it for
its slips.

Yet, I confess, sometimes I press it
to my lips.

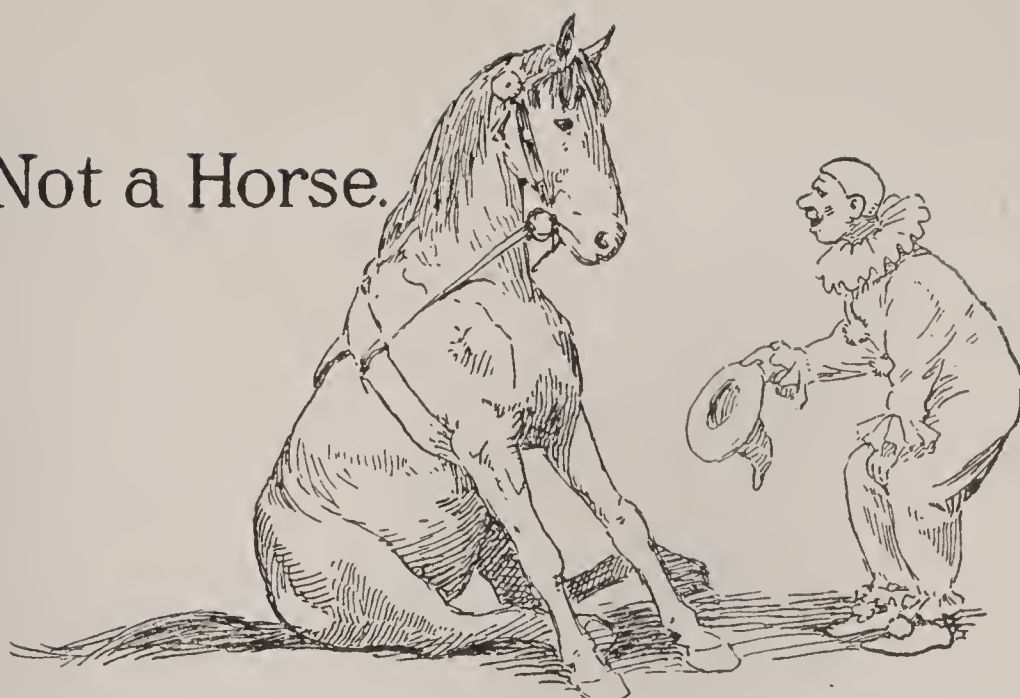


Not a
Puppy.

A NAPKIN.



Not a Horse.



IT runs past the house and on, far
away,
And yet it stays here in its place, day
by day,
And never a sound does it make in
its going,
But goes just the same if it's raining
or snowing.



Not a River.

A STREET.



Not Candy.



THE thing these busy fellows make
We take away.
Did you say money? My mistake!
What did you say?

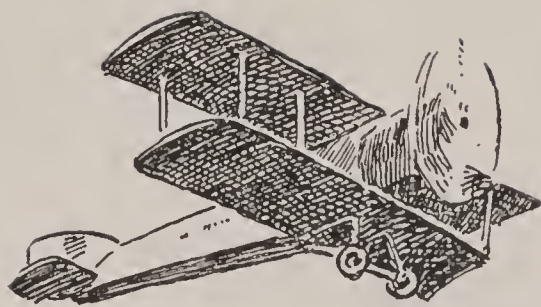
That comb is sticky from the thing,
And very sweet.
Each busy fellow has a wing.
Come, let us eat!



Not Molasses.

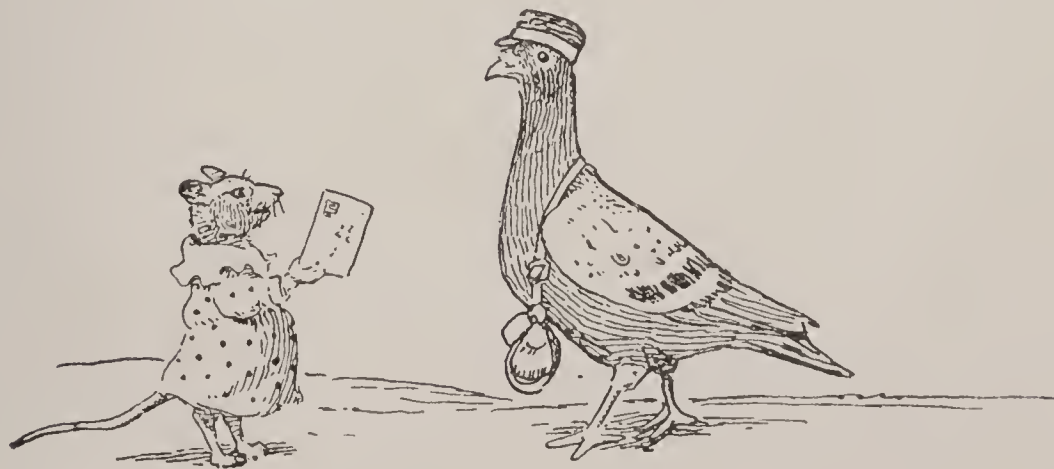
HONEY





Not an Airplane.

IT runs afar across the land,
Some say, from pole to pole;
And, for those who understand,
Takes words right to their goal.



Not a Carrier-Pigeon.

TELEGRAPH WIRES



Not Bad Boys.



THEY travel by thousands each day
of the week,
And the reason they travel is not far
to seek.

They are licked, put in corners, and
slapped in their faces.

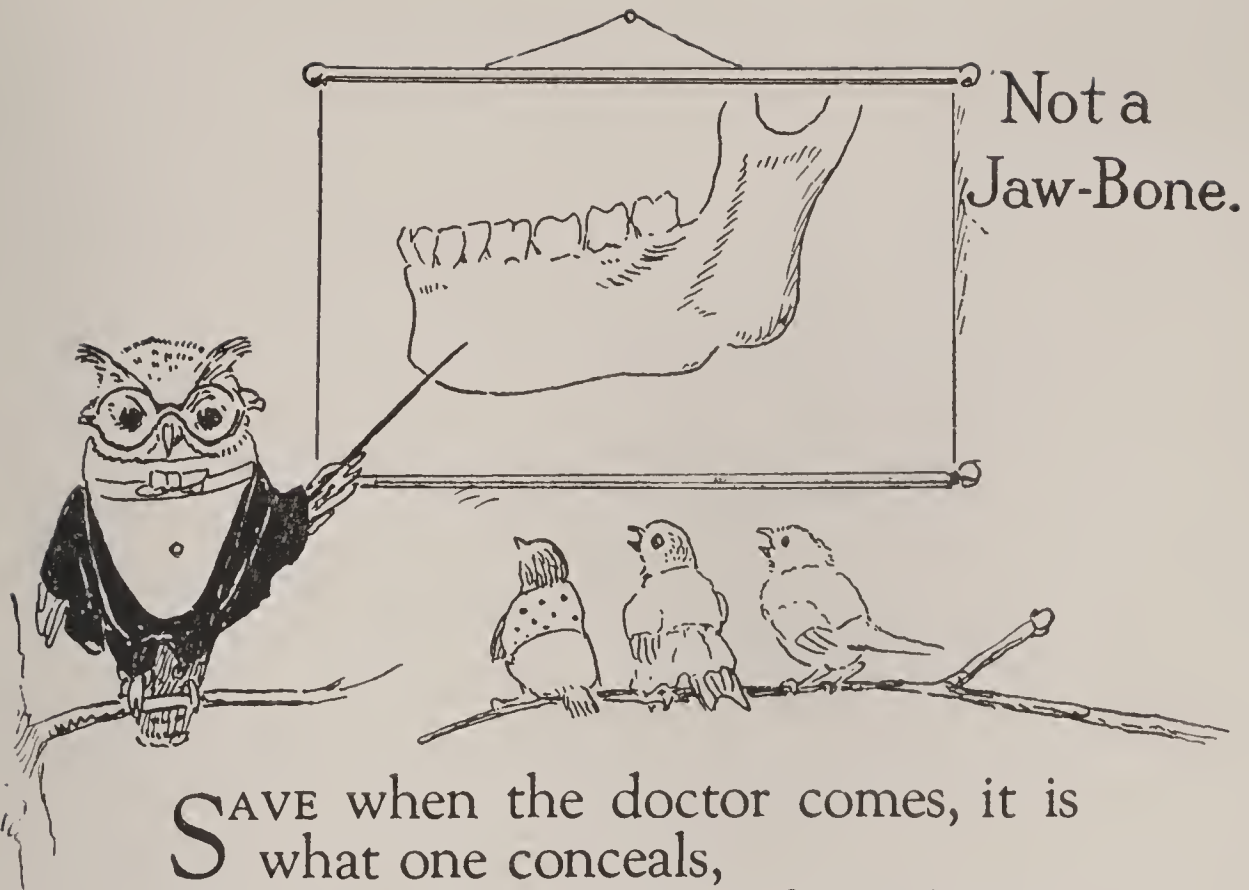
Why wouldn't they travel to far-away
places!



Not Dogs.

POSTAGE STAMPS





SAVE when the doctor comes, it is
S what one conceals,
Though every person of good taste
has one to use at meals.
And yet, when one is quarreling, it
often is stuck out
Defiantly, unmannerly. It means more
than a pout.



Not a Fist.

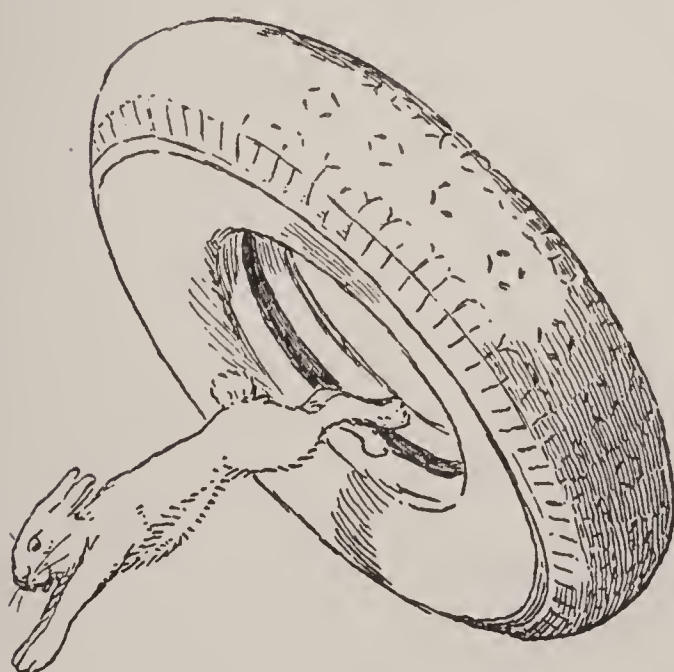
A TONGUE



Not Teething Rings.



MY sister has a golden ring
Which pleases her like anything.
The rings I like are brown and wide,
And very tasty, when they're fried.



Not Tires.

DOUGHNUTS

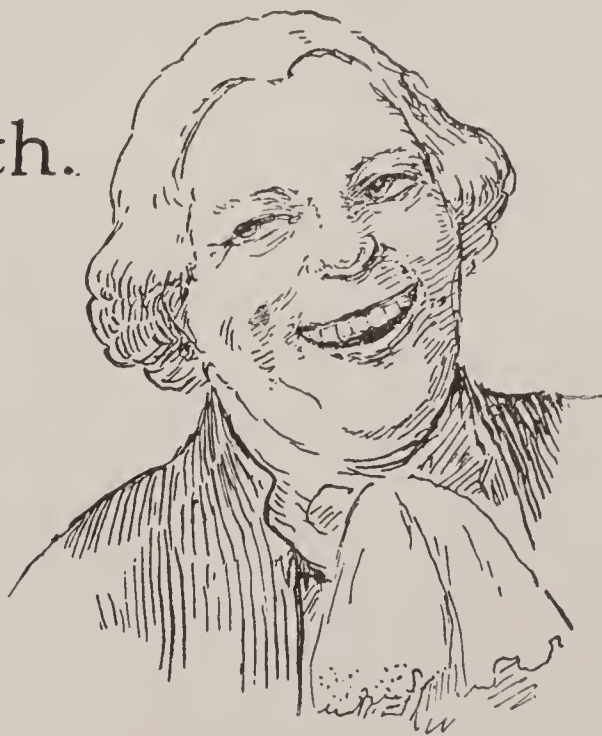


Not Fingers.



BEFORE your nose they stand in rows,
And many things they tell.
No noise, no stir, without demur
They stay there for a spell.

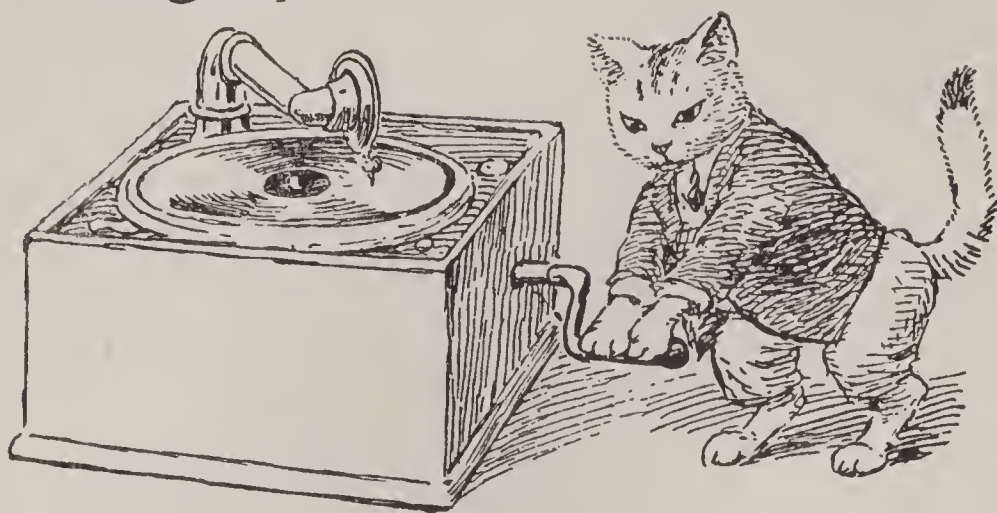
Not Teeth.



PRINTED WORDS

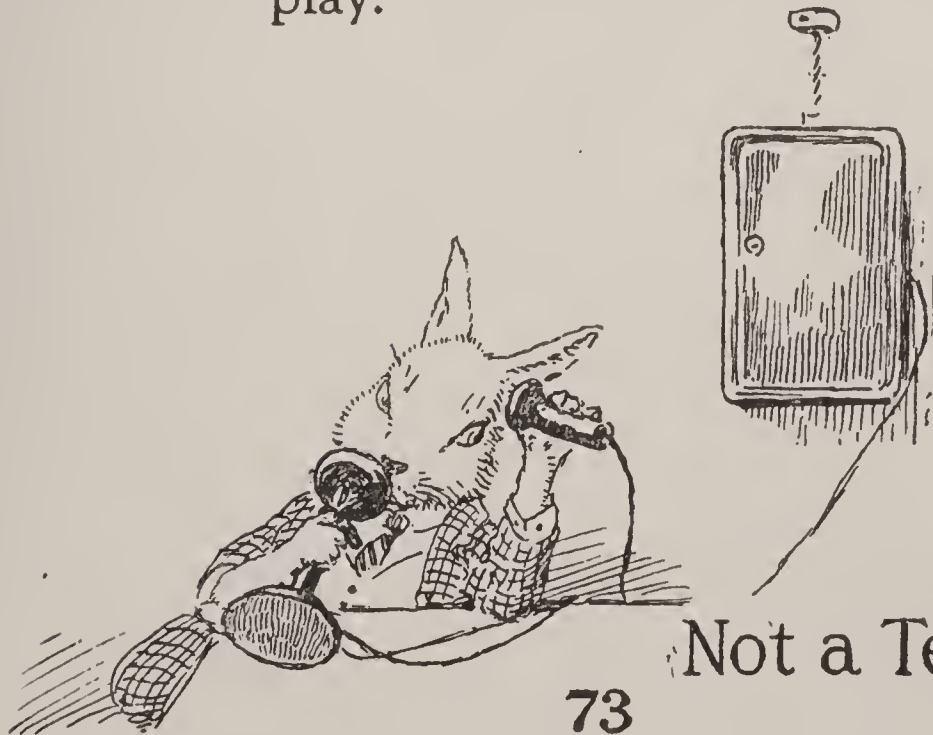


Not a Phonograph.



THE magician asked, "How are your ears, my friend?
Ah! Perhaps they need boxing! To that I'll attend!"

And he gave me a box right away.
Then I heard very clearly, from away out of sight
Things that roused my attention and caused me delight,—
Like the music when orchestras play.

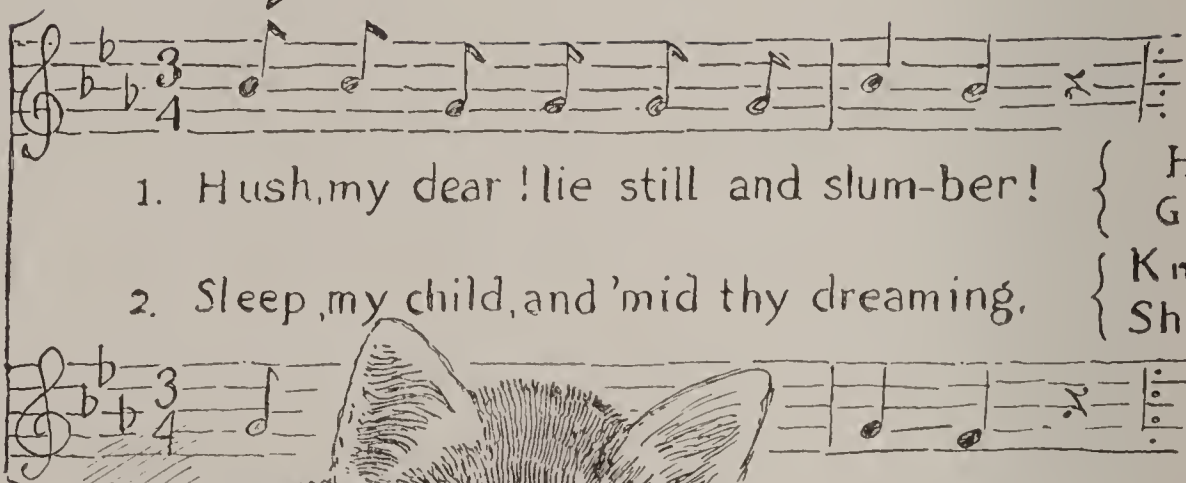


Not a Telephone.

RADIO.

LULLABY

Tranquillo

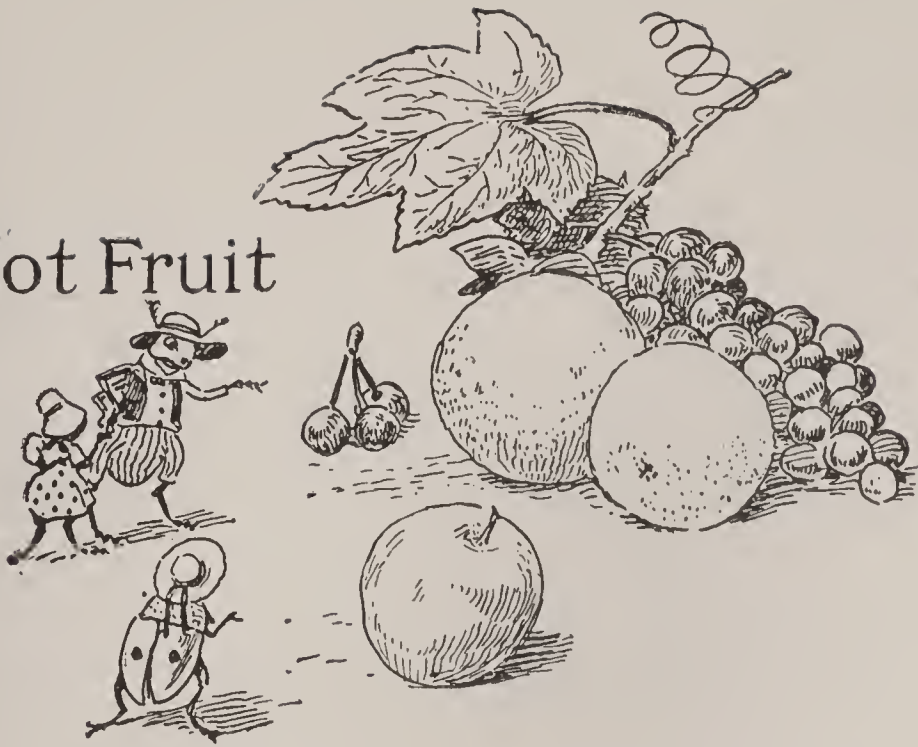


1. Hush, my dear ! lie still and slum-ber! { H
G.

2. Sleep, my child, and 'mid thy dreaming. { K n
Sh

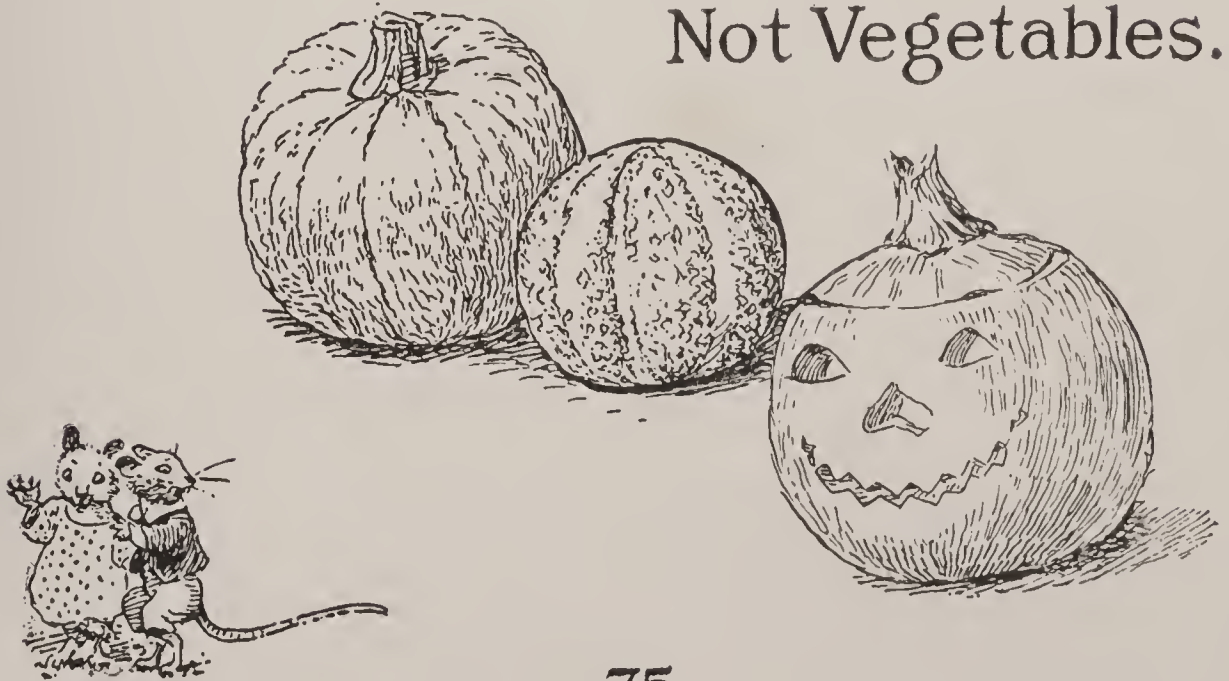


Not Fruit



THEY'RE always round in every sort
of weather,
And handy for us all, for when they
get together,
A score of them equals a dollar in
trade,
So when one escapes you, a search
must be made.

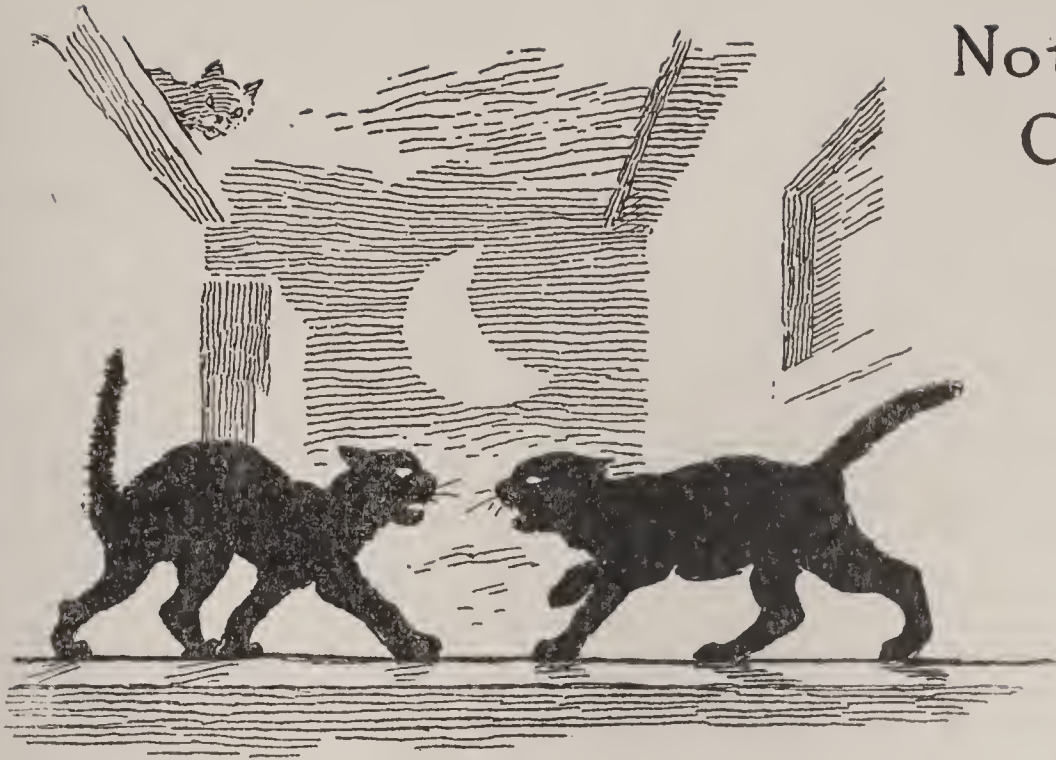
Not Vegetables.



NICKELS.



I never saw them growing so,
But nickels come from mints I know,
Now here are nickels. Here is mint.
Doubt not what you see in print!



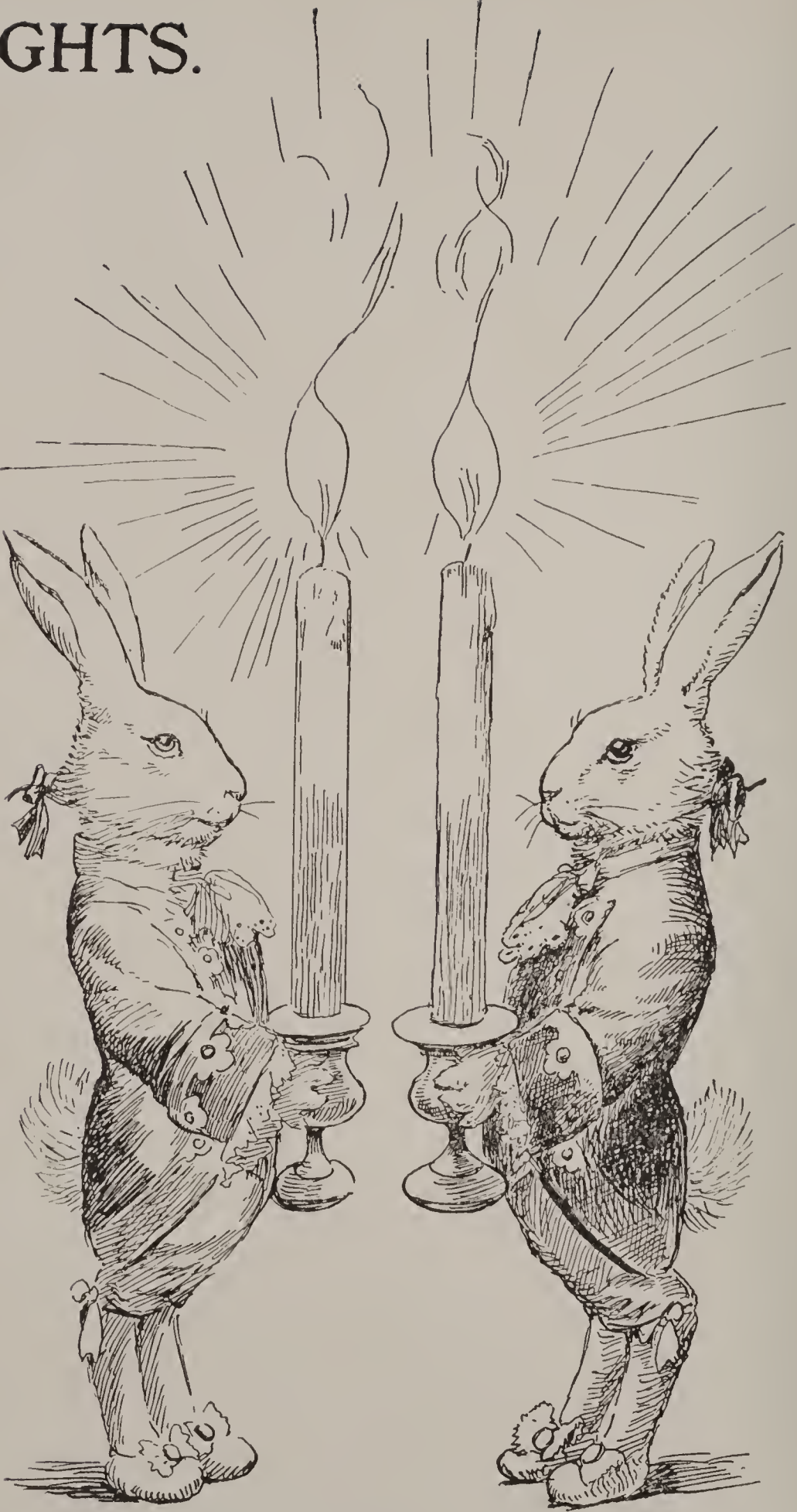
Not
Cats.

MOST people put them out at night,
Yet do not lock them out.
No evening party seems quite right
Unless some are about.

Not
Dogs



LIGHTS.



Not Candy.



MY sweetheart gave me one.
Where is it now?
I had it. It has gone—
I don't know how.

And yet, it seems to me,
I liked it very well.
Here, there, where can it be?
'Twas on my lips to tell.



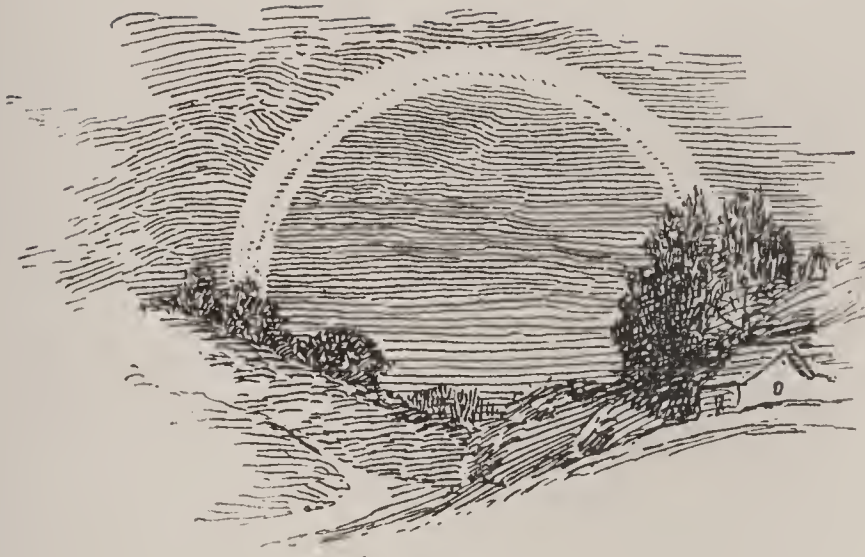
Not a Flower.

A KISS.



Comin' thro' the rye.

Not a Rainbow.



MADE rather long and very narrow,
This bow has never sent an arrow.
'Tis oft in scrapes, like many boys,
And like them, makes a deal of noise.

Not a Bow of
Hair Ribbon.



A VIOLIN BOW.



Not Boys.

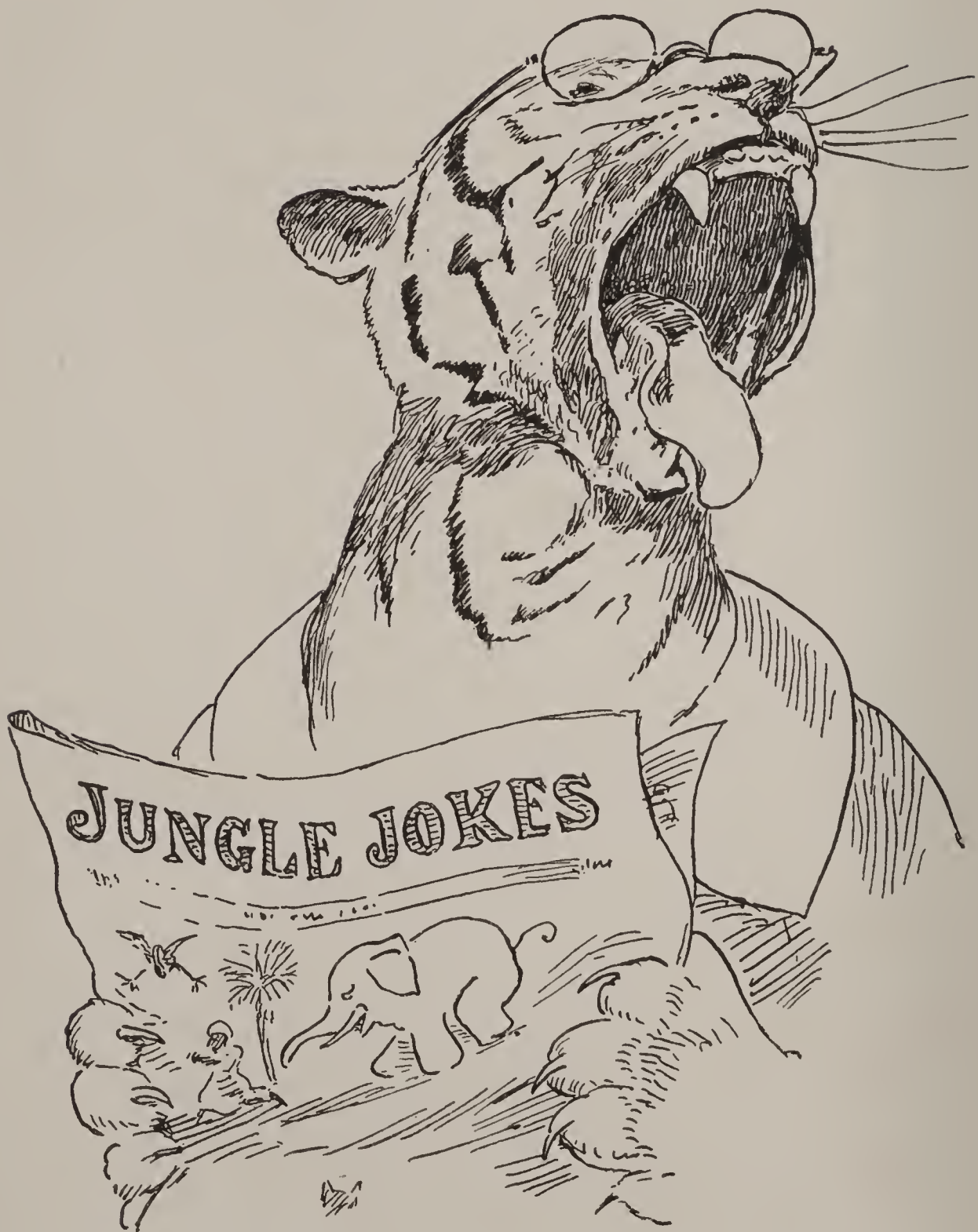


THEY sit right here before our eyes
Astride a living seat,
Like little twins, in shape and size,
But ne'er the twain shall meet.

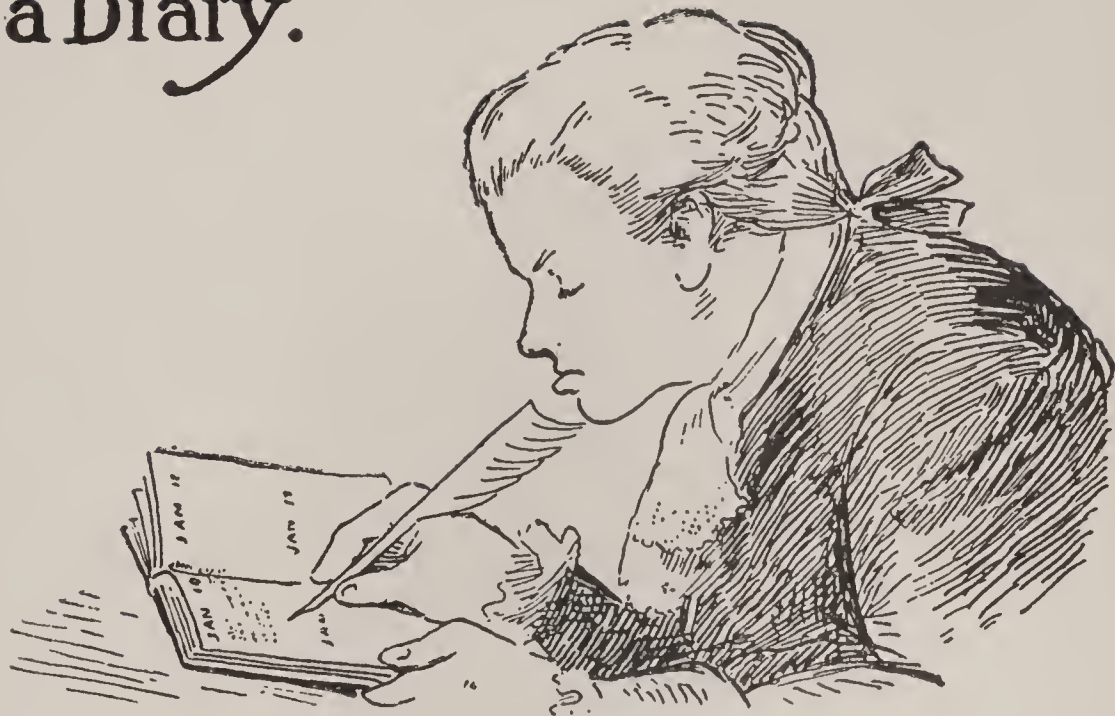
Not Mosquitoes.



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

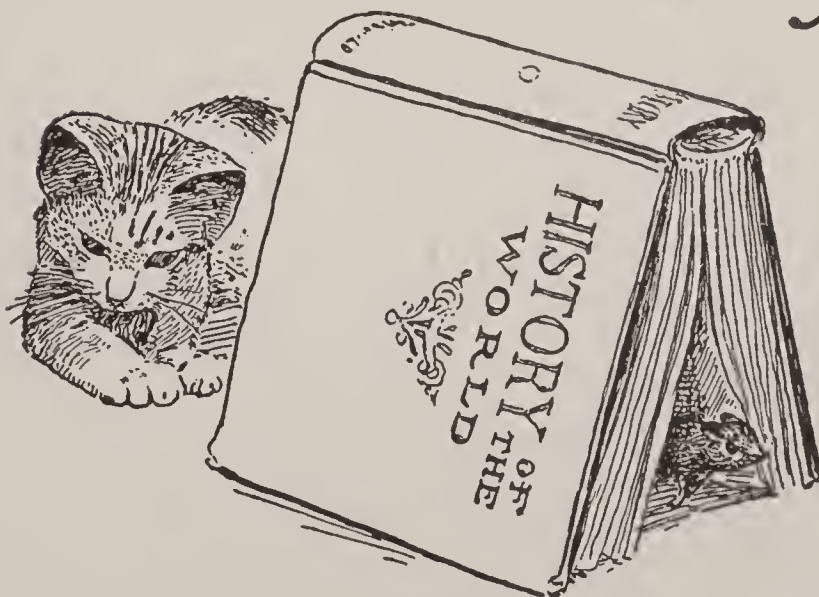


Not a Diary.



ITS days are numbered. Yet it does
not grieve.
It tells what every person may believe.
It eats no fruit from trees or plates.
And yet 'tis always full of dates.

Not a History.



A CALENDAR.

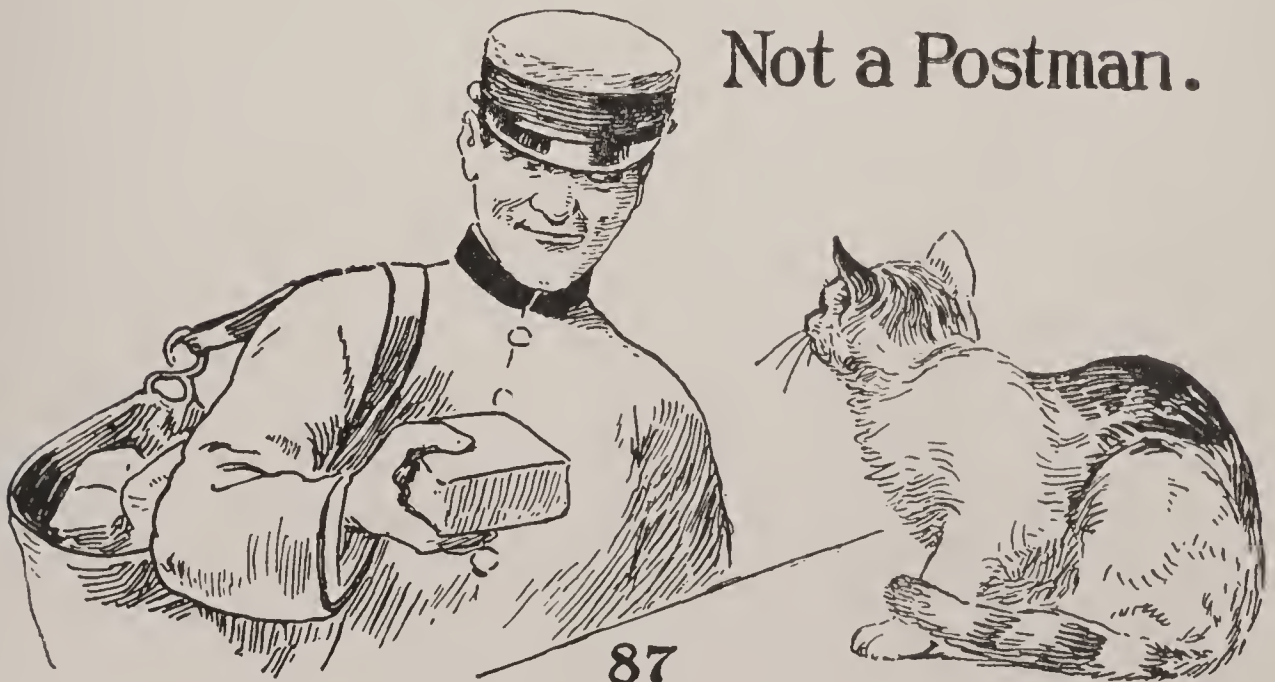


Not a Baker.



ALL the day long he goes over the town,
To and fro, and up and down,
Leaving a cake at this or that door.
We like his cakes and always want more.
One thing is strange!—The cakes will not stay!
Even with doors shut, they all run away.

Not a Postman.



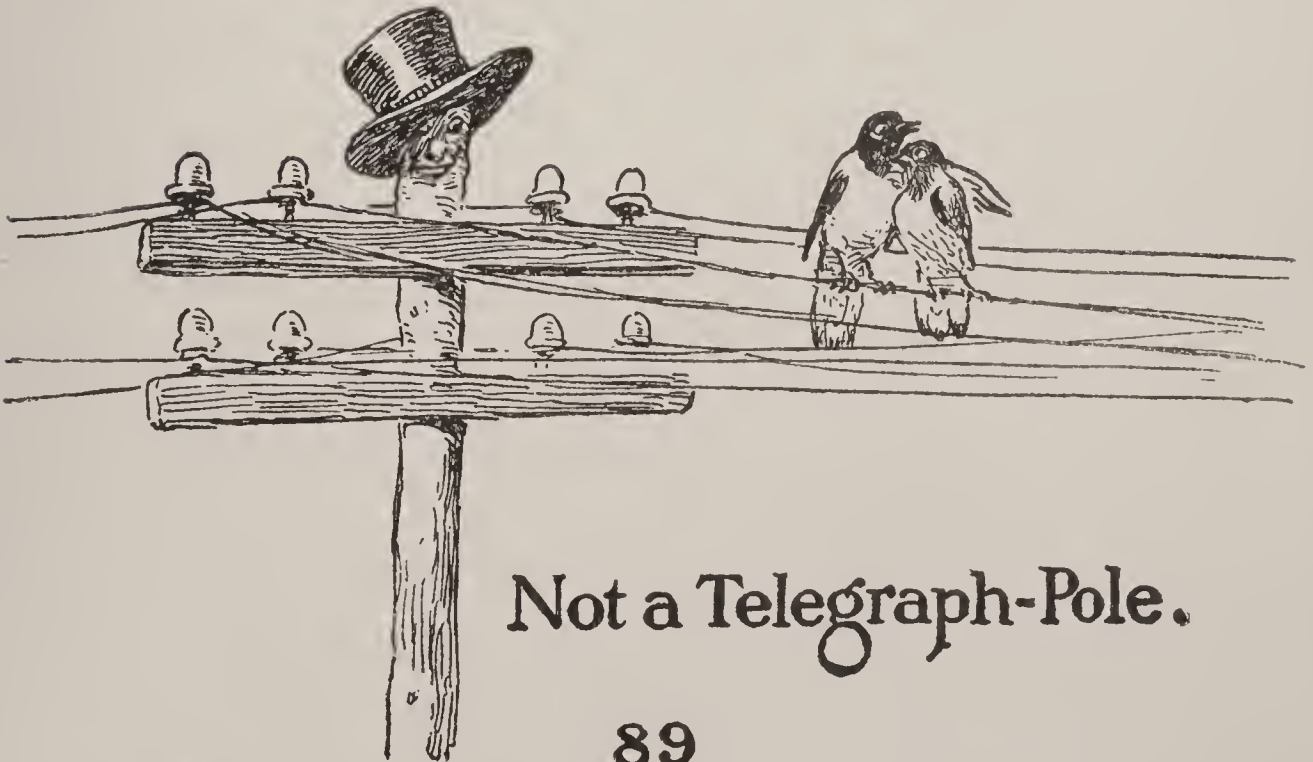
THE ICEMAN.



Not a Jack-in-a-Box.



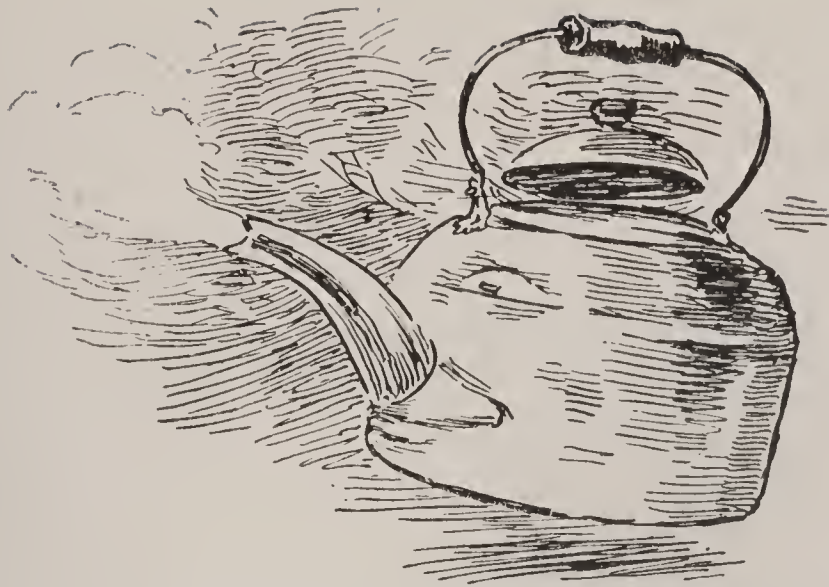
A SLENDER dark fellow in snug coat
of wood
Helps you express your ideas when
you wish,
And he furnishes lines, as a friendly
soul should,
But his lines wouldn't help you to
fish.



Not a Telegraph-Pole.

A LEAD PENCIL.





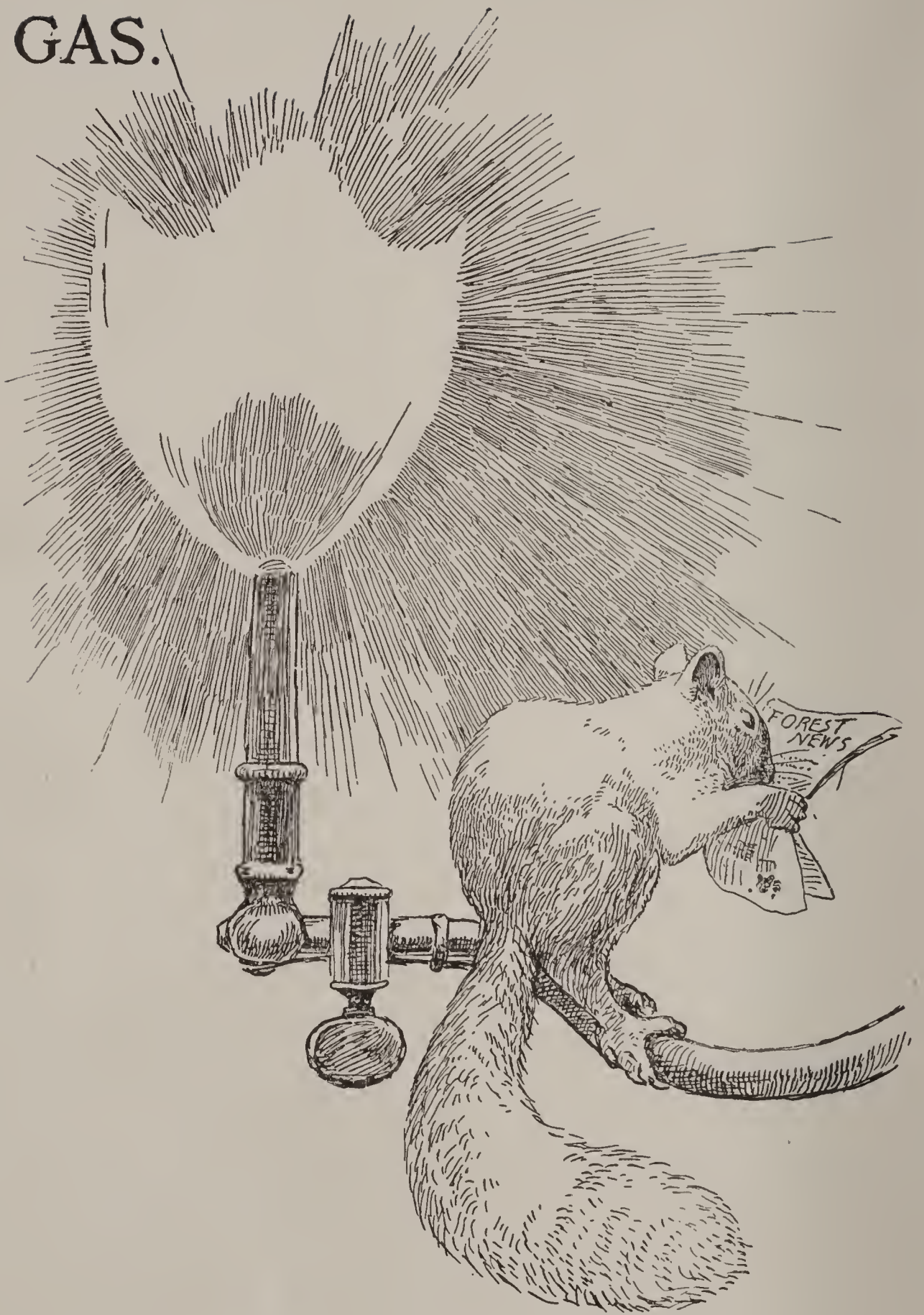
Not
Hot
Water.

HE enters the house quite unseen,
Though you look,
Whether coming by night or by
day.
Though he brightens the household
and helps out the cook,
Still he has one remarkable way;
Every one dreads being scorched by
his fire,
But he will not work, I have learned,
Unless he gets hotter than most cooks
desire,—
For he never helps out until burned.



Not Electricity

GAS.



Not a Cow.



OF all butter-makers who live
around here,
B. G. is the best I have heard of this
year.

He needs not a thing from the dairy-
man's shelf,
But makes a good butter of only him-
self.



Not a Butter Grocer.

BILLY GOAT.

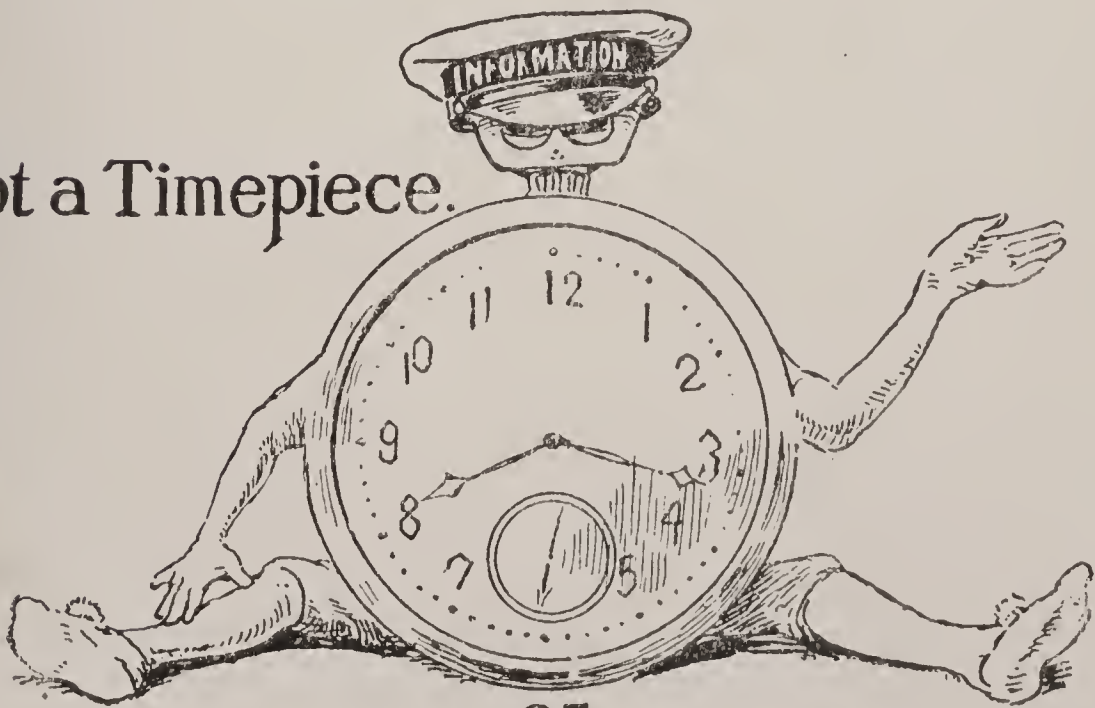


Not a
Thermometer.



ITS lined, white face
Affords a place
At which folks point their noses.
And each new day,
Both young and gray
Must know what it discloses.

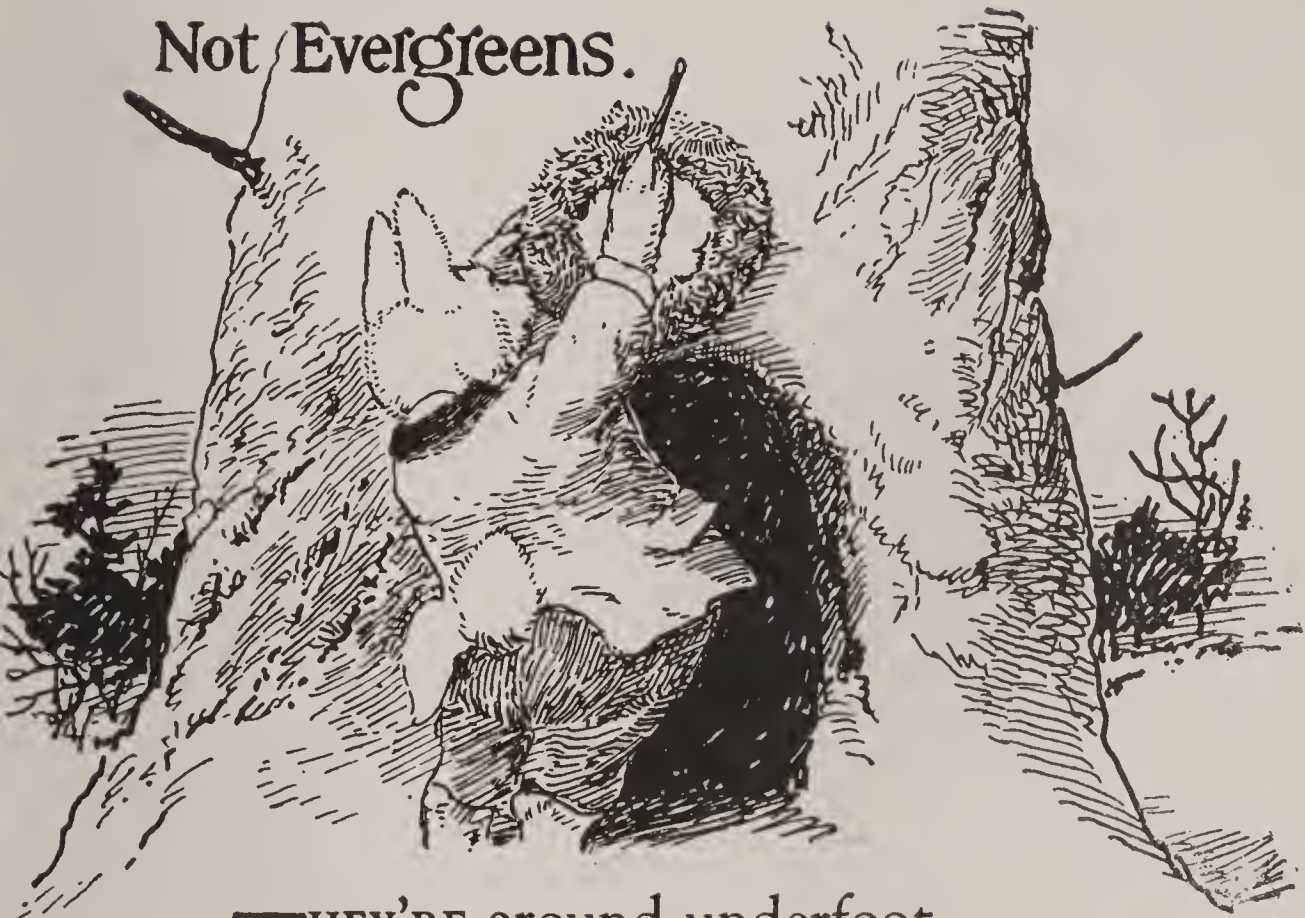
Not a Timepiece.



A NEWSPAPER.



Not Evergreens.



THEY'RE around underfoot,
And down low in September,
But, my! They're raised up
And puffed out in December!



Not Pop-Corn.

STOCKINGS.



Not Airplane and Balloon.



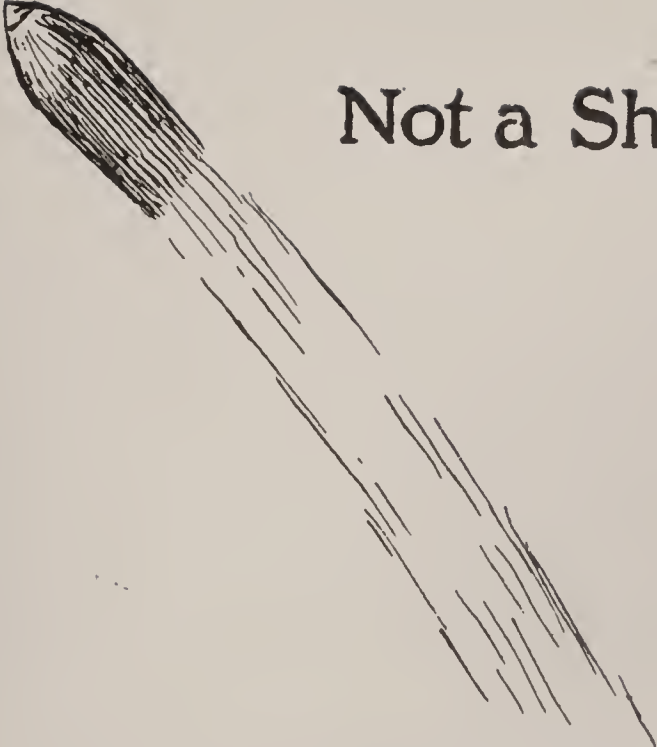
LOOK quickly! What is this I see?
A quickly flies away from B.
The two seem very much like brothers,
Beloved by Indians and by others.
B wears little but a string,
A wears scarcely anything.



Not Ant and Bee.

BOW AND ARROW

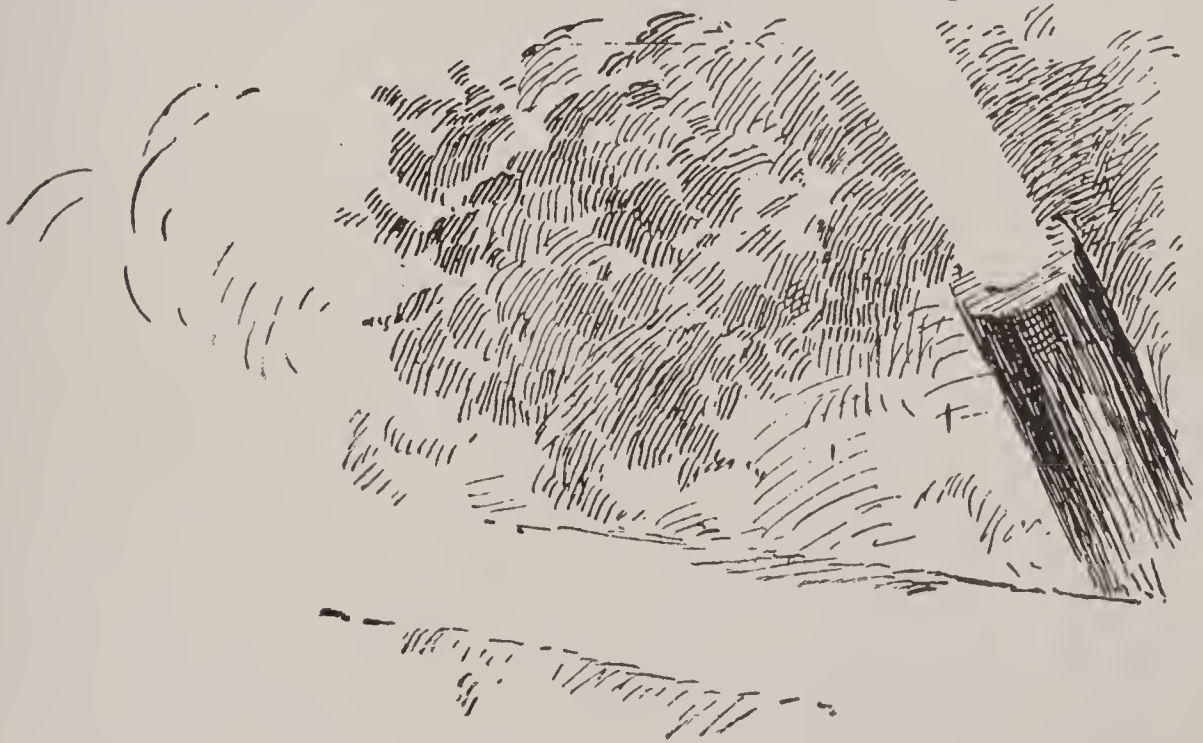




Not a Shell.

IF he should scratch his head, there
wouldn't be
Much left of head or body one could
see.

So, maybe, if we'd like to have him
linger,
'Tis better that he has no arm or finger.



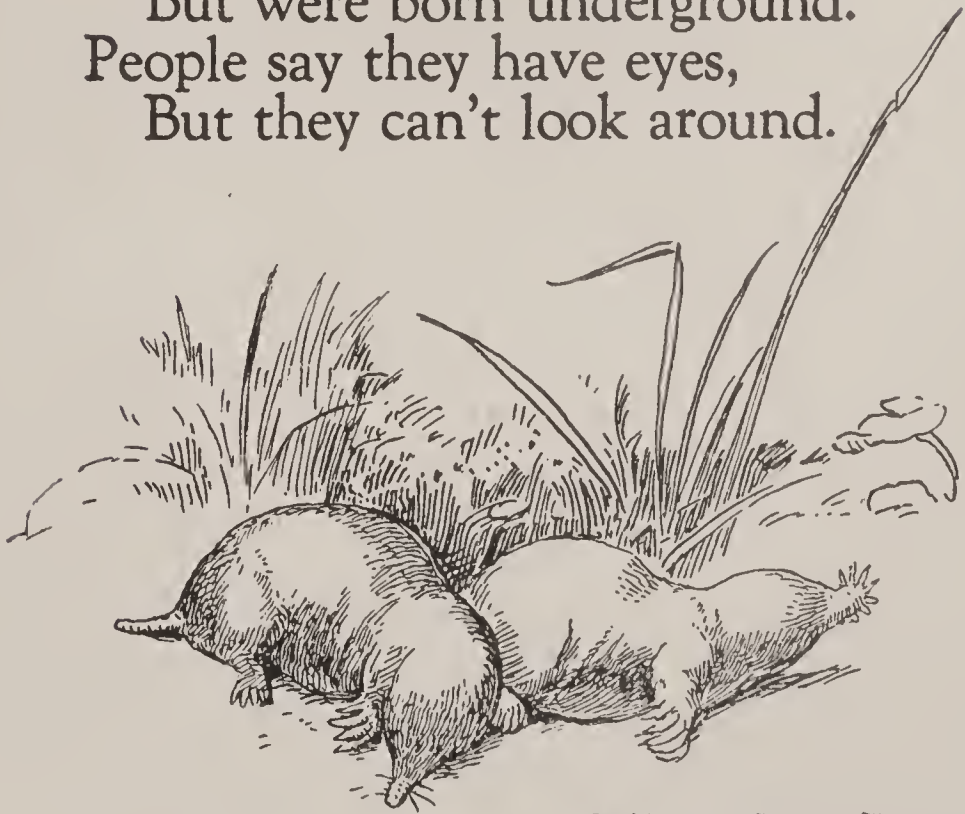
A MATCH.



Not Insects.

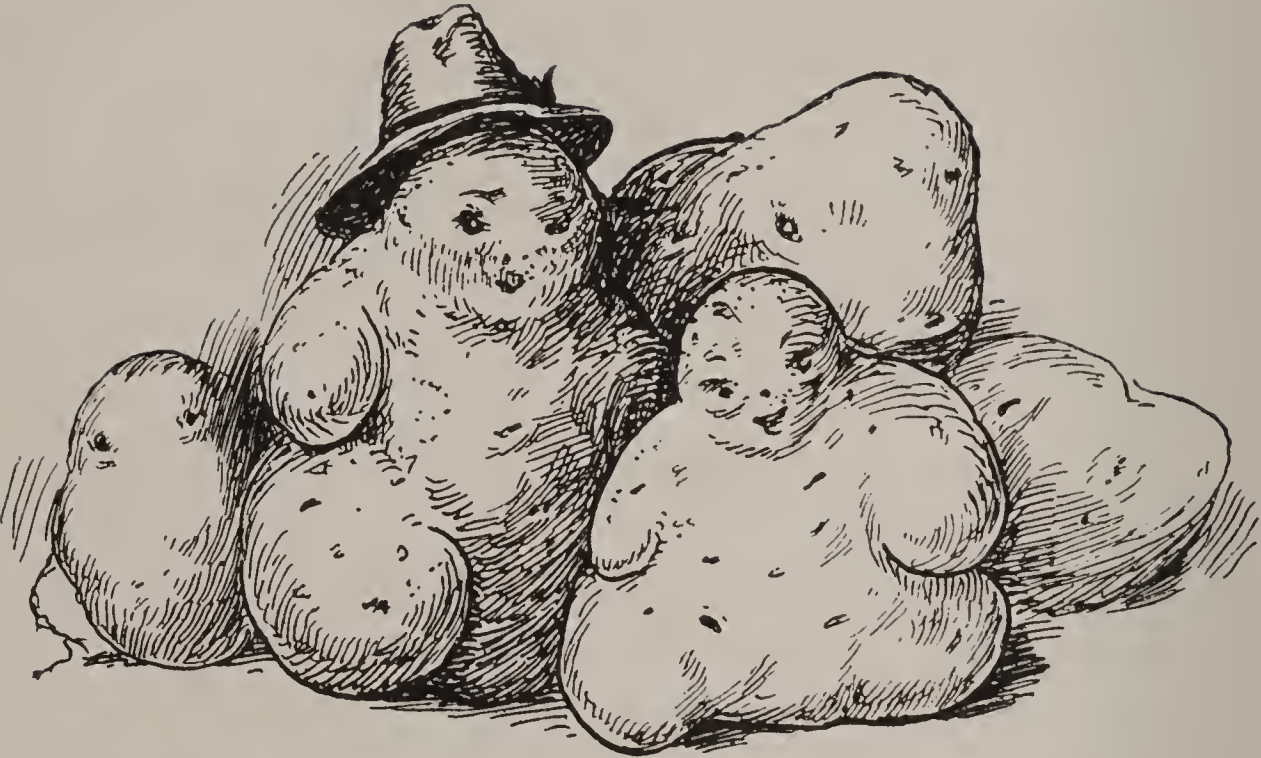


By the man with the hoe,
They are frequently found.
They come from the hills,
But were born underground.
People say they have eyes,
But they can't look around.



Not Moles.

POTATOES.



Not a Lighthouse.



TAKE a look from where you stay!
I know a pretty sight
That you can see,—oh, miles away—
And may see best at night.

Sometimes 'tis round; sometimes 'tis
slim,
With two well-pointed ends,
Its size is vast. To distance dim,
Each sharpened point extends!

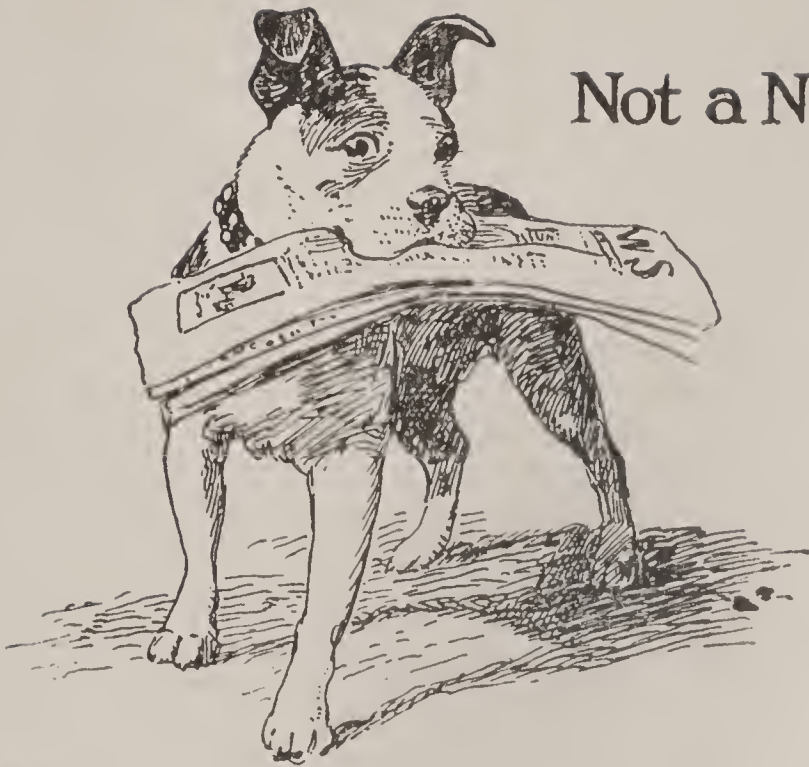


Not Fireworks.

THE MOON.



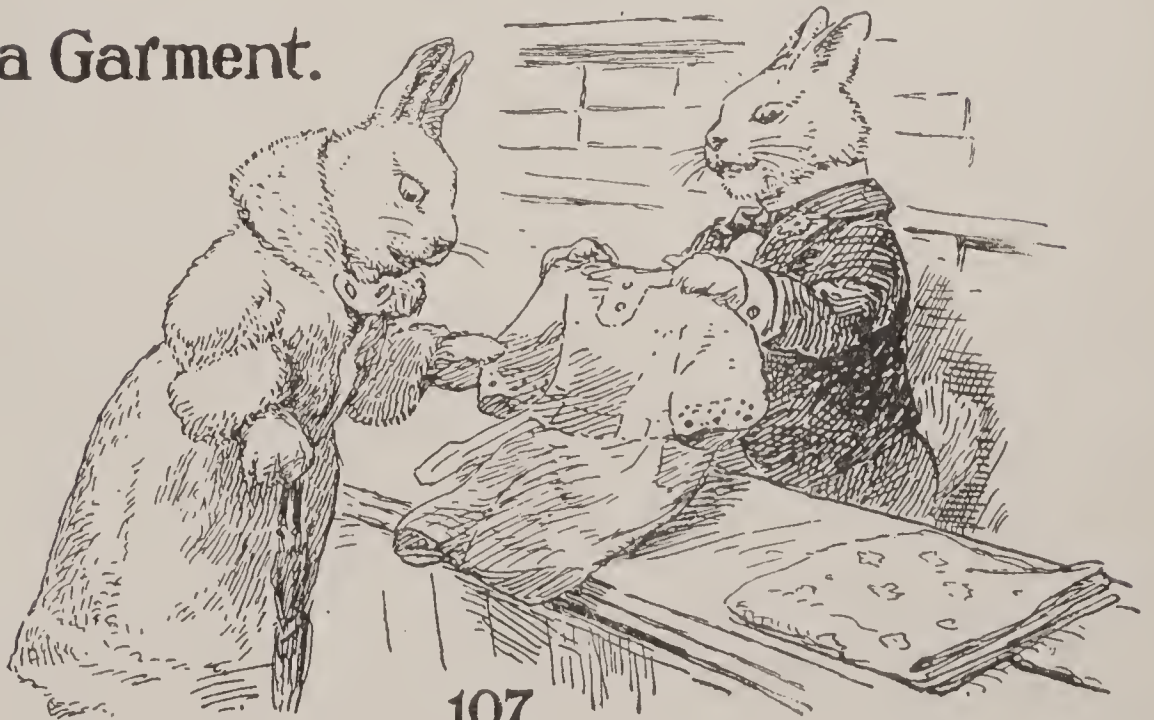
Not a Newspaper.



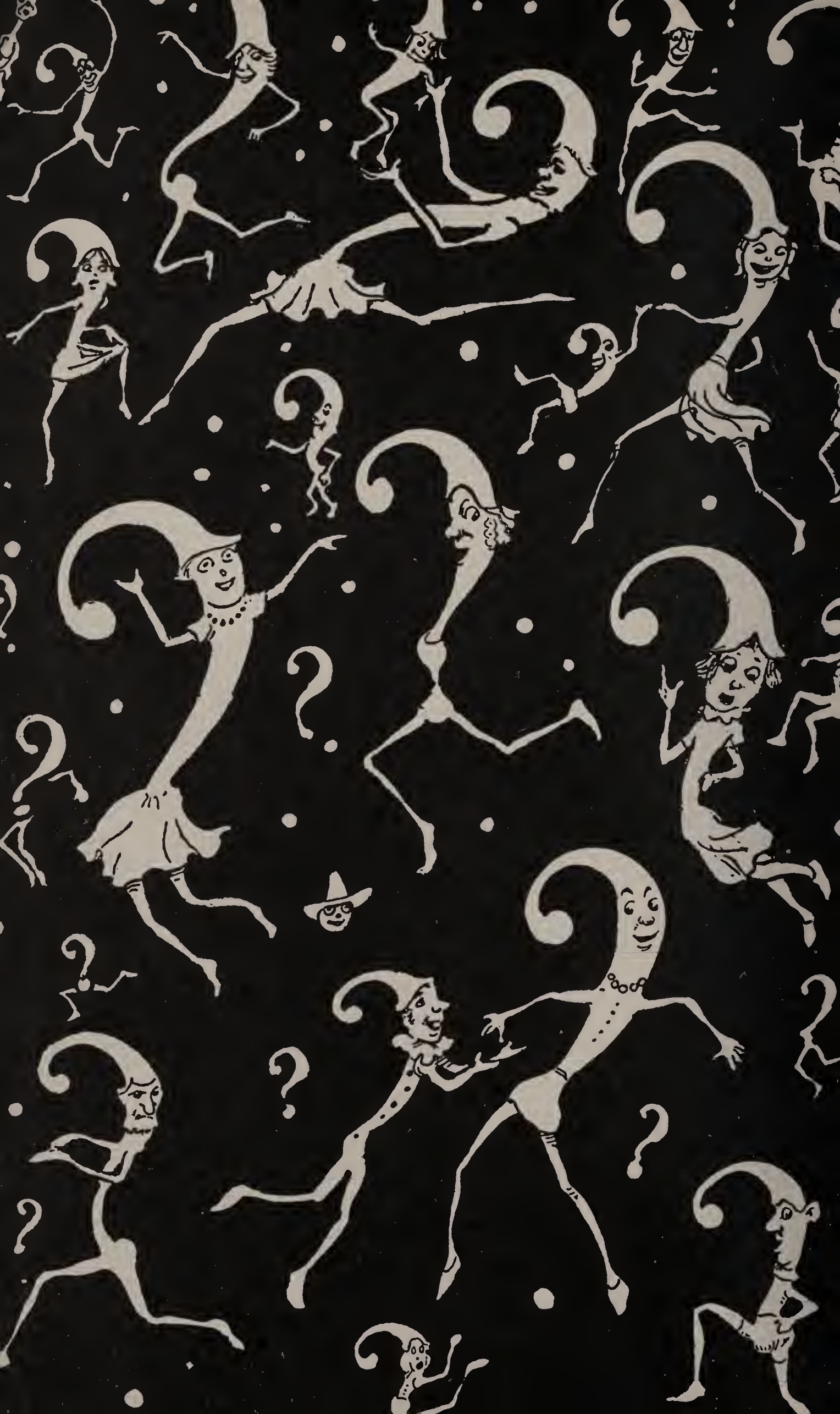
THERE'S one for every day,
And one for every night,
One for every travelled way,
And one for every flight.

Faithfully your course pursue,
And, whether you're slow or fast,
If you keep on, 'tis very true,
You'll come to it at last.

Not a Garment.

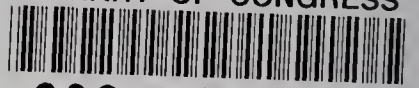








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